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SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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No. 1292

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1923

Price 8 Cents

THE BRADYS' BANK BOOK MYSTERY, OR, THE SECRET OF THE TORN PAGE.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE
AND OTHER STORIES*



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CHAPTER I.—A Sunday Hold-up In the Bronx.

A rainy December day. Such was the state of the weather when at about four o'clock two men left the almost empty car of a subway train at the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street station, Borough Bronx, City of New York. One was a bright looking young fellow in his twenties; his companion was an elderly man of striking appearance and peculiar dress, wearing a long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big white felt hat with an unusually broad brim. These two came out of the last car and were the last to leave the train. The ticket chopper looked at them curiously as they passed through the gate.

Perhaps he recognized the elder man. It would not be surprising if such was the case, for he was a man known to many, not only in New York, but in every other city in the United States, and his odd dress made him all the easier of identification. He was, in short, Old King Brady, the detective, chief of the Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square. And it need scarcely be added that his companion was Young King Brady, his pup and partner. Young King Brady raised his umbrella when they hit the sidewalk, although it was hardly necessary, the rain having dwindled to a mere drizzle, and for a moment they stood looking about them in the fading light.

"Don't see them," said Old King Brady.

"Stop! There they go!"

"Where?"

"East. Towards that old house."

"Oh, I see! Well, on the job, Harry."

They started away from the boulevard then, heading east. And the Bradys trailed on, always going east in spite of several turnings, because the men they were shadowing went east through the newly laid out streets, over short stretches of old country roads, but always east through the drizzling rain. One of the pair was unknown to the detectives, but his companion, the Abe Cagney in question, was known well enough. He was a notorious character in the lower Bowery district; a "strong-arm" man, a "second-story" man, a "shover of queer" coin, a man who would not have hesitated to rob a blind beggar or to have broken open the poor box of a church and

stolen the pennies; in short, a general all-around crook. It was the "queer" end of the business which had attracted the Bradys, who although not regular Secret Service men, are always interested in Secret Service work.

The neighborhood through which they were passing was just beyond the line of development at this end of the Bronx. Here and there were rows of new dwellings in course of erection; then it would be a long stretch of vacant lots, and newly laid out streets with the wrecks of once stately mansions thrown in. Some of the houses were closed up and deserted, having been bought by land developing companies, which intended to pull them down in the near future. They seemed to offer ideal lurking places for gangs of queer makers. Indeed, more than one of them had been thus used, as the Bradys happened to know. Hence from the surroundings of the two men the Bradys' suspicions were confirmed.

"Ha! They have turned again," exclaimed Harry.

This time it was down a new street which extended on across the tracks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. There was but one building in evidence on this street, and that was not yet up to the roof, and had a scaffolding around it. Always watching their men, the Bradys saw them pass around this building. They did not come into view again, so the Bradys drew carefully near. It was now dusk. Crouching behind a lumber pile, which was at the top of a depression, the Bradys had little fear of being discovered, for they stood a little way down the bank, where they could peer over the edge of the lumber without showing themselves. This they did when they first reached the spot, but could see nothing of Abe Cagney and his companion. But listening, they presently heard voices which proceeded from the inside of the house. It was the crook speaking.

"Sure this is the right place?" he asked.

"It's vat he told me, olda top, and dat's alla I know," was the reply.

"That fellow has lived in London," breathed Young King Brady.

"Yes. Hush!" said the old detective. "You may speak, but not so loud"

"Do you know what he wants the girl for?" the crook asked.

"No; nota zactly."

"Oh! Then you have a suspicion?"

"In a vay; yair."

"What way?"

"She swiped someting vat he want to get."

"Oh! But still I don't see his object in bringing her here."

"No! I tinka he trow von biga scare into her."

"Hold up!" broke in Cagney. "I hear the sound of wheels."

"Sure ting. Mebbe he coma now."

"That's what I'm thinking. We'll go out and have a look."

What they saw the Bradys had already seen. It was a cab coming along the newly paved street, drawn by two horses, although the vehicle was a small one. It looked remarkably like a private turnout.

"Crooked work," breathed Old King Brady. "No queer buying in this deal, boy."

"Evidently not."

"Better get out your revolver. We may want it for a bluff. There is evidently a woman in the deal."

Harry drew his revolver, and from behind the lumber they continued to watch the cab. The cab came on rather slowly. The driver was a young man wearing a sort of half livery. Suddenly the cab stopped at a point about a hundred yards away from the house. A large man, wearing a derby, got out, looked all around, and then spoke a few words to the driver. He then walked on ahead, the hack remaining at a standstill. Suddenly they heard a low whistle, evidently proceeding from the man with the derby. An answering whistle immediately followed. The man shouted "Come on." The hack driver came on to meet a hold-up. The hold-up was by the two men from the unfinished house. The man with the derby was right on the job. He flung open the door of the hack, and lifted a girl out. The Bradys saw it all over the lumber. The girl appeared to be half conscious. Her head droppped and she staggered.

"Come, come! Brace up!" cried her companion. "This is all nonsense. There's nothing the matter with you."

He tried to lead her forward.

"Now then, Harry," whispered Old King Brady.

They suddenly stepped out into view.

"What's all this about?" demanded the old detective.

And that was the time his "trade-mark" clothes certainly did the business.

"Old King Brady, the detective!" bawled Abe Cagney, and he took to his heels.

His companion instantly followed suit. So did the man with the derby, running in the opposite direction.

"Halt, there!" shouted Harry, and he sent a wild shot after the fellow.

But the man only ran the faster.

ferred that he should not be separated from his partner. And so he jumped to the assistance of the girl. He saw at a glance that she was suffering from the effects of a dose of knockout drops.

"Attend to the driver, Harry," ordered the old detective, as he directed his own attention to the girl.

Harry turned to the man on the box, who had never uttered a word, at the same time displaying his detective shield.

"What's all this about?" he demanded, sternly.

"I donno no more about it dan you do," was the half defiant reply.

"You lie! Where's your number?"

The fellow looked frightened.

"I take that back," he said. "I'm coachman for Mr. Klippstein, the banker."

"Then what are you doing with these people? Make a clean breast of it or I'll run you in."

"Well, den, it's like dis. I took Mrs. Klippstein over on de boulevard to call on a friend. As she expected to stay dere till ten o'clock, I started back to de stable. When I got to de Jackson avenue subway station of de subway I was hailed by dat man."

"Go on."

"He asked me if I wanted a fare. I s'pose he took me for a public hack."

"And you took him up?"

"Dat's what I did. I tought I might as well make a few dollars on de side."

"Then you don't know him?"

"No more'n you do."

"Nor the woman?"

"No."

"Was she doped when you struck them?"

"No, she wasn't, or if she was I didn't notice it."

"Did they seem to be on good terms?"

"As near as I could see, yes."

"Then you know absolutely nothing about them?"

"Nothing whatever, and dat's honest."

"Where did he tell you to drive to?"

The cabby named the corner where they now were.

"What's your name?"

"Frank Bulger."

"What's Mr. Klippstein's address?"

"I hope you don't mean to give me away, Mr. Brady. It will cost me my job so."

"I can easily find the address in the directory, so you better give it," replied Harry, coldly.

The driver complied.

"That's all," said Harry. "I'm afraid you have got yourself into bad business. How much further this thing goes depends a good deal upon yourself."

He turned away and joined Old King Brady, who was still trying to revive the girl. He had given her the antidote for knockout drops, which he always carries in his little medicine case; he had done all he could to arouse her, but in vain. So the old detective ordered Harry to give him a lift, and they placed the woman in the carriage, Old King Brady telling Harry she would have to be driven to a hospital. They got her on the back seat, and the driver, meekly taking his orders from Harry, drove in the direction of the

CHAPTER II.—The Mystery of the Bank Book.

Old King Brady saw that he had something in the line of a mystery on his hands, and he pre-

nearest hospital with all speed. As they rode along Harry repeated what the man had told him. "Sounds straight enough," observed Old King Brady.

"What could have been that man's idea in bringing the girl to this unfinished house?"

"Hard to tell."

"I wish Alice was here. She could make a more thorough search of the girl than you have been able to do."

"Yes, Alice would come in very handy now."

The allusion was to Miss Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female sleuth who is a full partner in the Brady Detective Bureau. The hospital was reached in due time, and the personal influence of Old King Brady was quite sufficient to secure the admission of the young woman. Having searched the cab thoroughly for some clew to the woman's identity, Harry told the man Bulger he might go, and he departed with the advice to keep his mouth shut as to what had occurred. Meanwhile Old King Brady had gone upstairs with the two attendants who took the slumbering girl from the cab. Harry remained in the waiting room for nearly an hour, where Old King Brady joined him.

"Well? And how is the patient?" he asked.

"She is dead, Harry," was the grave reply.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I am waiting for the women who are now laying her out. They may find some clew to her identity, but I fear it is rather doubtful."

In about a half hour the superintendent gave the detectives all they had found on the woman. It was a bank book. This alone would seem to offer a very important clew. But it did not. The book had been sadly mutilated. The name of the bank and also that of the depositor had been cut from the cover, evidently with a sharp pen-knife. There were many entries, the business recorded covered a period of a little less than a year. But it was not the current year.

The date of the last entry showed that the latest check had been drawn three years before. The entries also went to show that there was a balance of \$16,892.54 lying unclaimed in this bank during those three years. So much for the front of the book. From near the back a page had been torn out. That this page had been hastily removed was evident. There was something in the way of a stub left, and the edges were ragged. Upon this stub parts of what appeared to be letters could be traced.

"This is all we found on her, Mr. Brady," said the superintendent when he entered the reception room in which the detectives had been waiting. "If you can make anything out of it then you are able to do more than I can, but it looks as if there was in the neighborhood of \$17,000 belonging to somebody tied up in this bank."

"Where was it found?" asked the old detective.

"Concealed inside her corset," was the reply.

"Humph! And this is absolutely all?"

"Rely upon it. Mrs. Gallagher, our matron, made the search personally. She is perfectly trustworthy."

"And yet, do you know I am not satisfied. With all due respect to Mrs. Gallagher, she is not a detective. I should like to have the privilege of making a search for myself."

"Very well. Follow me."

"I should like to have my partner accompany me."

"There is no objection."

The Bradys were then led to the matron's room, and introduced to Mrs. Gallagher. Mrs. Gallagher picked up a corset which lay on the table.

"Hers," she said. "Examine it, please."

Old King Brady ran his fingers over the corset steels.

"A steel has been removed here, and there is something else in place of it," he exclaimed.

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Gallagher, "a piece of paper. Turn the corset over."

Old King Brady did so, and saw that the cloth had been stitched up on the inside.

"Done after the removal of the corset steel," remarked Mrs. Gallagher. "I was just about to open it up when you came."

"We will open it now," said Old King Brady.

Producing his knife, he ripped up the stitches, and introducing the knife into the opening, drew out a thin roll of paper. This he unfolded. His face assumed a look of disgust.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Harry.

"The trouble is these are flytracks," said Old King Brady. "I can't make them out."

Harry took the paper, knowing that notwithstanding the wide experience of his chief in the detective line, he possessed no knowledge of any language save his own.

"Well, and what do you make out of it?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Can't make it out at all," replied Harry. "This particular variety of flytracks gets away with me."

The Bradys looked at each other significantly. Each knew what the other was thinking of, but neither spoke.

CHAPTER III.—Old King Brady Gets Down To Work.

Now what the Bradys were both thinking of when they looked at each other was this. Alice Montgomery possesses a remarkable knowledge of language.

"Alice can tell us what it is, if anyone can," was Harry's thought when he looked at those peculiar characters. And Old King Brady's thought was much the same. By permission of the hospital superintendent, who knew that Old King Brady could make it all right with the proper authorities, the detectives took away the bank book and its torn page when they left.

"We better get right home and see what Alice can make out of all this," said Harry, as soon as they had left the hospital.

"If she can't read it, then we shall have to strike for some learned professor," Old King Brady replied.

But to his eye the writing had a decidedly Oriental appearance, and he knew that the name of Oriental languages is legion. Now the Bradys live in an old brownstone house on Washington Square, where they have kept bachelor's hall for several years, while Alice has a handsome suite of rooms of her own around the corner on Waverly place. Thither Old King Brady and Harry now repaired, feeling sure they would find their

partner at home that Sunday evening, and so they did.

"You have taken a case!" exclaimed Alice as soon as she saw them.

"We certainly have had one put up to us, in a most peculiar way," replied Harry, "but whether we take it or not is for the Governor to say."

"Oh, I propose to see the thing through," added Old King Brady, "but as it is strictly our own business, we may take our time about it, I hope. Here, Alice, read that," he added abruptly, and he handed her the torn page.

Alice studied it for several minutes in silence. "Have you any idea what language this writing is in?" she then asked.

"Not the faintest," replied Old King Brady.

"Looks like Greek," said Harry.

"You're miles away," replied Alice. "These characters are what is known as the round o alphabet."

"Can you read it, Alice? That's the point," broke in Old King Brady.

"Indeed I would if I could," was the reply, "but you ask me too much. It may be Siamese; the chances are it is. On the other hand, it may be Burmese, Cambodian, Kling, Anamese, or either one of the several others, as I have said. No, gentlemen, I must regret to be obliged to make the confession that it will be impossible for me to help you out."

"And now for your learned professor, Governor!" cried Harry. "Produce him, for I want to get ahead on this case."

"We shall have to ring off until morning, that is certain," was the reply. "Meanwhile we will tell Alice all about it."

They spent an hour talking it over, but, of course, could reach no conclusion. But that night before he went to bed Old King Brady made a slight discovery which seemed likely to afford a clew. It was that the paper of which the bank book leaves were made up bore a water mark. The first thing Old King Brady did next morning was to telephone the hospital to learn if anyone had called to inquire for the dead woman. As he expected, no one had.

Immediately after breakfast Old King Brady went down to Beekman street to consult a friend in the paper trade about the water mark. As he expected would be the case, this man immediately named the mill whose monogram was on the bank book leaves, and the New York dealer who handled their goods. As this dealer was also located on Beekman street, which is somewhat of a center for the paper trade, he went with the old detective to this firm and introduced him. The dealer examined the bank book and his own books before committing himself.

"Yes, we sold that paper," he said at length. "I find that almost the entire product of what we had from the mill at the date of the earliest entry here went to the big printing house of Polhemus & Brown, on Fulton street. I have no doubt that they made this bank book, and should advise an inquiry there."

Old King Brady accepted the advice and here gained another point. Mr. Brown looked up his books, and found that this particular paper had been used by only three banks. He identified the book as the work of his firm positively. He pointed out to Old King Brady that the paper was

of rather an inferior grade for bank book work. The Bowery Bank had used it; also a bank in Brooklyn, and another in Jersey City. Mr. Brown was rather inclined to think that the book belonged to the Bowery Bank, on account of the narrow margin, which had been cut away from the top of the leaf. Acting upon these suggestions, Old King Brady hastened to the Bowery Bank, where he introduced himself to the cashier and stated his case. Again he had hit it right. The cashier merely glanced at the bank book.

"It is one of ours," he said. "We have that account. It has not been drawn against in three years. We don't know whether the man is alive or dead."

"I trust you will give me his name," said Old King Brady.

"It is not our custom to give out the names of these dead accounts, as we call them, without an order," was the reply, "but I feel that I can safely make an exception in your case. The name is Jacob Dothan. His address was No. —Avenue D. His business was a junk dealer."

"And he is no longer there?" asked the old detective.

"No. He sold out to the firm of Reisling & Co., dealers in second hand building materials. You notice the last entry is \$300?"

"Yes."

"That's what he got for selling his stock and giving up his lease. He came here and deposited the money. He stated to our receiving teller that he was going out of business. We have neither seen nor heard of him since."

"How old a man was he?"

"He was far advanced in years. I should say at least eighty; he may have been over that. He was the dirtiest old-specimen you ever saw."

"Did you ever take any steps to find him?"

"Yes, the matter was placed in the hands of a private detective, but he accomplished nothing."

"Who was he?"

"Slyman."

"He is dead these two years."

"Yes, I know. I am glad you have taken the thing up, Mr. Brady, and I wish you all success, but I can't offer you much encouragement. Personally I have no doubt that the old fellow lies in the Potter's Field. Chances are he dropped dead on the street, and nobody knowing who he was, he met with the usual fate."

Of course this only added to the mystery, but at the same time Old King Brady felt that he had taken another step ahead. It seemed but little use to travel over to the far East Side and interview the firm of Reisling & Co., so Old King Brady walked back down the Bowery in the hope of being able to locate Abe Cagney. The old detective now visited Panhandler's Hall, and several other places where crooks hang out, but without success. He spent a full hour over the matter, and was about to give up in despair when he suddenly saw Harry coming towards him in disguise, down the Bowery.

"He is shadowing," thought the old detective, and he stepped inside into a doorway.

As he did so, he happened to glance down the Bowery. There was Alice, undisguised, coming up. A little ahead of Harry was a man of very peculiar appearance. A little ahead of Alice was

a stout, overdressed woman, who waddled as she walked.

"Both shadowing," muttered Old King Brady. "Which outfit shall I tie to? Alice was to go to the hospital and see if any one called for the remains."

CHAPTER IV.—Harry and the Man.

The man whom Harry was following was an undersized person of not more than twenty-eight or nine years of age. His skin was dark; his eyes were intensely black, very small and piercing. He looked as foreign as possible, but it was difficult to place him as to nationality, even for so experienced a person as Old King Brady. And Harry found the same difficulty when this man turned up at the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau, on Union Square. He sent in his card first, and it bore the name of "Herman Smith, M.D." The address was on Cherry street, near Roosevelt, the worst part of the "Cherry Hill" section. Young King Brady sent out word that he would like to know Dr. Smith's business before receiving him. Word came back that the doctor wished to consult him about a missing woman. This was enough to gain him immediate admittance, of course.

"Well, sir?" said Harry, without rising. "What can I do for you?"

"It was Old King Brady that I wished to see," said Dr. Smith. "Is he not in?"

"Not at present," replied Harry.

"When do you expect him in?"

"I have no means of knowing. I am his partner. What is it you wish?"

Dr. Smith's way of looking at Harry was anything but pleasant.

"I suppose you will do," he said at last.

"I will have to do, since Old King Brady is not here. Kindly state your business, Dr. Smith."

"I understand that your principal took a woman to the ——— Hospital last night who died there under the influence of chloral."

"You understand correctly. Why do you ask?"

"I think I know her. What is the name?"

"I don't know. We have no information concerning the woman. May I ask you who informed you of this?"

"I learned it in two ways. First, I happened to overhear a conversation in the street late last night between two men. They evidently had seen Old King Brady and his assistant put the woman into the cab. They spoke of her appearance and of her having been drugged. Thinking I recognized their description, I telephoned the different hospitals this morning and learned the rest."

"And who do you think the woman is?"

"A Mrs. Mabel Stevens, who was employed by me as a nurse in a case. You have no picture of the woman, I suppose?"

"Not as yet. Her remains will be photographed, I presume. Why didn't you apply at the hospital? We only came upon her by accident. We have nothing to do with the affair."

"Oh, I see."

"This Mrs. Stevens is missing, I suppose, or you wouldn't be here?"

"Yes. She left her patient yesterday afternoon to be gone two hours. Said she was to meet her

husband, from whom she has been separated for some time. She has not returned, and a very singular thing has happened in connection."

"What is that?"

"Her patient—my patient—has been spirited away. I can't understand it. That is why I came here to consult Old King Brady. It is of the highest importance that I should find the man."

"Who is he?"

"Well, he is only a pauper. I was looking after the old fellow out of charity. He called himself Jake. I don't know him by any other name. If you could come down to his room on Cherry street with me, and see what you can make out of it, I should like it. I'm prepared to pay for your services, of course."

"But I fail to see into the business, doctor. If the man is a pauper——"

"He is more than that, Mr. Brady. He is a fellow countryman of mine."

"Ah! What——"

"I am a native of British Burmah—Rangoon. I took my degree as a doctor in the English medical college at Calcutta. Recently I started practice among the poor of the Fourth Ward and roundabouts. You see my peculiar appearance would prevent me from building up a practice anywhere else, and it suits me to live in New York."

Of course by this time Harry's interest was fully aroused.

"And what you want of me is to find out what has become of this man?" Harry said slowly.

"Yes."

"Your name, of course, is not Smith, doctor?"

The doctor smiled, displaying a double row of white, perfect teeth, unusually small in size.

"Of course not," he replied. "I have a name as long as your arm, and quite unpronounceable—hence the Smith."

"And your interest in this man is purely charitable?"

"Well, not exactly that. It began so. When I was called and found he was a Burmese, I had considerable talk with him. To be frank with you, he possesses certain information which is valuable only to myself. He promised to give it to me, but kept putting me off. Now he has gone."

"And this nurse—you really feel no interest in her?"

"Pardon me. I did feel a great deal of interest in her. She has worked with me for over a year. If she could have got a divorce from her husband she would have married me."

"What was the matter with the old man?"

"Bright's. General breaking up."

"Would you kindly give me the address of this Mrs. Stevens? We propose to look up her history."

The doctor hesitated for the fraction of a moment, and then gave an address on East Broadway.

"But come, Mr. Brady," he instantly resumed. "Will you go with me or not? If not, I must look up some other detective."

"But let me first understand the circumstances of Jake's disappearance," persisted Harry.

"All I know is that Mrs. Stevens went out, as I tell you. She left word with the woman across

the hall that she would be back in two hours. She had told me that already, and what she was going out for. The woman across the hall was to look in on Jake from time to time. The old man could not even stand on his feet. She did look in on him several times, but as he seemed to be sleeping, she did not disturb him. At seven she looked in. Ten minutes later I came, and he was gone."

"And he was there all right at seven?"

"So the woman says."

"What's her name?"

"Ryan. She is a widow, and owns the house."

"And you want me to question her?"

"Yes. To do what you can. Jake must have been carried off by at least two persons. Who were they? Why did they do it? All this I want to know."

It all seemed to come freely enough, and yet Harry felt that he was not getting it straight. What was he to do? If he let the man go, there was the chance that his card carried a false address; that he should never see him again, and thus lose his chance of advancing the case. Harry concluded to take his chance and yield to the doctor's request. He said as much. To his surprise, the doctor, instead of displaying pleasure, looked puzzled.

"Well, Mr. Brady," he said; "we will go, but—er—but—"

He hesitated.

"Out with it," said Harry. "If we are to work together, doctor, at least it is necessary that you should give me your confidence."

"Oh, of course," replied the doctor. "Why certainly. The idea is this: I—er—I have enemies who, if they knew I was employing a detective, might make things unpleasant for me—see? Would you mind following me in disguise?"

"Rather a singular request, doctor."

"I know it seems so."

Again Harry resolved to see the matter through.

"Well, I guess I'll go, as you suggest," he said.

"When?" demanded the doctor.

"Now, if you wish."

Harry went into Old King Brady's office and wrote a hasty note, stating where and under what circumstances he was going. Then he skipped into the costume room across the hall and disguised as a young tough, which seemed to him most suitable for a trip to Cherry Hill. The doctor complimented him upon his return.

"I never should have known you," he declared. "It would be impossible for me to make up like that."

"Well! Do you want to go to that house in disguise?"

"I should like it above all things."

"Come with me and I'll disguise you," said Harry.

Young King Brady took him into the costume room.

"The only thing I can do with you is to make you look more so," observed Harry.

"More so—what do you mean?"

"Why, I can't change that face of yours."

"I should say not. My monkey face. I look like a dressed-up orang-outang—oh, I know!"

This was said with intense bitterness.

"I did not mean to imply anything of the sort,"

said Harry. "You look like an Oriental as you are. I can't make a white man out of you, but I can alter your appearance a lot. Try on that wig."

It was a wig of long, coarse, black hair. It fitted perfectly. Fortunately the doctor's hair was cut short. Harry then gave him a wash for his face and hands, which made them look many shades darker. He added a curly black mustache and a pair of heavy false eyebrows—the doctor had almost no eyebrows—all of which went a long way towards altering the man. Indeed the doctor was loud in his amazement when he looked in the glass.

"I look like a cross between a Chink and a Jap," he exclaimed.

"Exactly," replied Harry, "and that's what I was aiming at."

They left them. The doctor boarded a Fourth avenue car. Harry got on with him, seated himself in a different place, and paid no attention to his man. The doctor got off at Grand street and started down the Bowery. There was nothing for Young King Brady to do but to get off the car and follow the man.

CHAPTER V.—Alice and the Woman.

When Alice got up to the hospital the first thing she did was to ask to be allowed to look at the remains. She was conducted to the place in which they had been deposited. Alice thought it possible that she might have seen the woman somewhere, but a glance was sufficient to assure her that this was not so. She then went to the superintendent's office to inform him what she proposed to do.

"That will be all right, Miss Montgomery," said the superintendent, adding:

"By the way, a doctor called up about that woman just now."

"Indeed! What doctor?"

"A Doctor Smith, of No. — Cherry street."

"You don't know this Dr. Smith, I judge from the way you speak?"

"No; I don't know him at all."

"Would you mind looking in the medical list to see if he is a registered physician?"

"Certainly," said the superintendent, and after looking at his book, he reported that he found the name there.

"Then we ought soon to know who the dead woman is," remarked Alice, and she settled herself down to wait."

She expected a long wait, but it did not prove so. In a short time a woman entered the outer office and began inquiring about the deceased. The superintendent placed Alice so that she could both see and hear unobserved. The woman was evidently Irish. She was elderly, stout and overdressed.

"I hear there was a woman fetched in here last night by the Brady detectives," was the way she began it. "I hear she died on yer hands, and I tought mebbe I knowed her, so I came to see."

"I will call the superintendent," replied the clerk, and that was the time Alice got her tip.

"We have told no one of this affair, and as it has not got into the papers yet, I wish you would

ask her how she knew the dead woman was here," Alice said.

"Leave that to me," replied the superintendent, and he passed to the outer office, making that his first question.

"Sure it was a friend of mine who told me," she replied. "I don't know where he heard it—so."

"What was his name?" asked the superintendent.

"Name, is it?" cried the woman. "Niver mind dat. Me own is Ryan, and I keep a respectable lodging house down Cherry street. Sure I own the house, and I've paid taxes in this city for twenty years, and that ought to be enough."

The superintendent did not press the point, and the woman was taken to the death chamber by an attendant. She soon returned to find the superintendent "laying" for her.

"Well? Do you know her?" he asked.

"I do not, so," was the reply. "She's not the person I tought she was at all, at all."

But the attendant thought differently.

"She evidently recognized her," the superintendent said to Alice when he returned, "but she won't admit it."

"Good!" replied Alice. "This is my job."

"Wish you luck," was the reply.

And Alice trailed after the woman. It was a case of the subway. The woman seemed ill at ease all the way downtown. She changed at Fourteenth street to a local, and got out at Worth street. Walking through to Chatham Square, she started up the Bowery. Intent on her shadowing, Alice did not see Old King Brady, but she passed Harry.

"Shadowing a woman," she said by a secret sign.

The woman turned west at Hester street and entered a tenement. She passed clear through the lower hall, crossed a court and entered a miserable old brick house in the rear. It seemed to Alice that she had probably come to the end of her rope when she saw the woman start to climb the stairs. She crossed the court, entered the rear house and listened at the foot of the stairs. She could hear the woman knocking on a door. First two raps, then one, then three. This the woman repeated twice while Alice stood listening, and it was to be supposed that she had knocked at least once before. Then came a wait, and finally Alice heard the door opened.

"Where's Abe? I want to see Abe," the woman said.

"He's not here," replied a high, squeaky voice.

"Expect him in soon?" was asked.

"Sure I donno, Mrs. Ryan," was the reply. "He thinks Old King Brady is gunning for him, so I can't say."

"Well, if he comes in tell him I've seen the woman. Catch dat?"

"Sure."

"Tell him she's de wan. Get dat?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, den tell him to come to my place as soon as he can, for I've got work for him to do."

"All right, Mrs. Ryan. I'll tell him," replied the voice, and then a door slammed.

Alice pulled out as quick as possible, for she heard the woman coming heavily down the stairs. She hurried through the hall and out on to Hes-

ter street, where she almost ran into the arms of Old King Brady.

"You here!" she exclaimed.

"As you see. I saw Harry trailing a man down the Bowery, and you streaking after a woman in the opposite direction. I had to make up my mind which to follow, so I chose you."

"Well, we want to get out of the way quickly, for the woman is right behind me."

"Slide into this doorway, Alice, and let her pass. What is it all about?"

"She's looking for Abe," said Alice.

"Cagney?"

"She didn't say Cagney, but I have no doubt it's he."

Mrs. Ryan went waddling past the doorway, the ostrich plumes of her Division street hat waggling in the wind. Old King Brady and Alice fell in on her wake, the latter explaining what she knew.

"It is coming around about as I thought for," said Old King Brady. "We will follow her up, and I will lay for Abe Cagney. If I can once get my fingers on the fellow I shall probably not have the least difficulty in making him give up all he knows. But who in the world can Harry's man be?"

"Hard to say. Did you think he was in disguise?"

"I was rather inclined to think so; still I could not feel quite sure."

"Same with me. He looked like an Oriental of some sort, didn't you think so?"

"I did. Is he a Chinaman or a Jap, think?"

"Mr. Brady, I am quite sure he is neither. He looked to me more like a Siamese."

They were on the Bowery now, and the waddling Ryan, with her waggling feather, was right ahead of them. She turned into Catherine street, and they trailed her on to Cherry, where she turned south, and kept along on the right hand side. Just before she came to Roosevelt street she entered an old tenement where there was a sailor's boarding house, and a low saloon on the ground floor.

"Well!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"What now?" demanded Alice.

"Why, I know that party."

"Who is she?"

"Mother Ryan, of the Spider's Web! I never guessed it, seeing her fixed up so fine, but then it's several years since I saw her last."

"And the Spider's Web?"

"Is the name given to her house."

"Does she own that house, then?"

"Yes, and the next, and the one beyond that. Her husband, long since dead, was an old crimp. He kept the saloon then, and died leaving a lot of money. His reputation was the very worst. After his death his widow, finding the sailors too many for her, sold out the business and took to renting rooms by the night to beggars, beats and bums. She did do a large business in that line, and judging from appearances, does still. Our shadowing is at an end, Alice, for here is where Mother Ryan lives."

"Well, we can't stand here talking, we are attracting attention."

"I suppose we are. Don't look around to see who is watching us, that will only make matters

worse. We will go in together and take our chances. If I meet Mother Ryan, I will fix up some excuse on the spur of the moment."

They entered and started up the stairs. Of all the dirty, foul smelling halls she had ever encountered in her detective work, Alice had never met the equal of this. The floors seemed to be cut up into many small rooms, for there was an unusual number of doors. Old King Brady explained that the crimp downstairs used the rooms on the second floor for his sailors, and that the real "Spider's Web" was not supposed to begin short of the floor above. Here it was just the same, and worse, if anything, on the top floor. But they encountered nobody, and saw nothing to interest them until, when they again descended to the second floor, a door was suddenly opened and a young man looked out. It was Harry in his disguise.

"What! You two here!" he exclaimed in a hurried whisper. "Slide in."

They lost not an instant in obeying, and he closed the door. The room was just a dirty little den, into which was crowded a bed, a cook stove and odds and ends of furniture. Another room opened off from it. This appeared to be unfurnished, save for a cot bed.

"What brought you here?" demanded Harry. "Have you been shadowing me?"

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady. "I've been shadowing Alice, and she has been shadowing Mother Ryan."

"So you knew the place! But of course you do. This is the Spider's Web."

"I saw you shadowing a queer looking man down the Bowery, Harry."

"Not exactly shadowing. He knew I was behind him. But here we are up against another mystery. That man has been caught in the Spider's Web."

CHAPTER VI.—Caught In the Spider's Web.

"See that the doors are locked," said Old King Brady, as Harry made the announcement which ended the last chapter. "We don't want Mother Ryan butting in on us here."

There were no keys to the locks, but there were bolts, and Harry shot them. Secure now, he told the story of Dr. Smith and listened to what Old King Brady and Alice had to tell.

"The case is assuming shape," said Old King Brady. "I am strongly of the opinion that this vanishing Burmese beggar Jake is none other than Jacob Dothan, the owner of that bank book."

"If you are right, then why did he wander about as a beggar, when he had money enough in the Bowery Bank to support him for the rest of his life?"

"That is easily accounted for by the doctor's explanation that he was feeble-minded, and had lost his memory," replied the old detective. "He has forgotten his English, according to the doctor. It does not require a very long stretch of imagination to suppose that he may have forgotten his bank deposit also, or at least that he did not understand what the book meant. Such cases are common. How often have we heard of people dying as beggars with money stowed away in mattresses or in savings banks? But as this account

has been drawing no interest in the last three years, we must assume that it has been forgotten altogether. But I want to know more about the disappearance of the doctor, Harry. You haven't told yet just how it happened."

"Why, it was in this way," said Harry. "He led me upstairs, and when we got here he opened the door and we looked in. There was certainly no one in either of these rooms then. He seemed greatly afraid, and he said to me that he wished I would stand in the hall for a few minutes to see if anyone who might have been following us came upstairs, while he hid inside the room here. I consented, of course, for I was working with him. After waiting about five minutes, and no one coming, I entered the room. He was gone. That is all there is to tell."

"Then that spells trap doors, panels or secret passages," remarked Alice.

"It can be nothing else," said Old King Brady. "And there is nothing strained in imagining their existence, for many is the unfortunate sailor who has been done away with for his money in the Spider's Web in the days when Ryan, the crimp, ran the place. But the question is whether the doctor knew of their existence."

"Exactly," replied Harry. "And what do you think about it?"

"I am inclined to think he did."

"But remember he came to our office of his own accord."

"I have not forgotten that point. My theory is that he wanted to have a look into those secret hiding places before taking you fully into his confidence."

"It may be so."

"It is so, you may depend; but we must get busy and find out what it all means, for one thing remains certain, your Dr. Smith has traveled the same road as the old Burmese beggar Jake. It is up to us to find out what that road is."

Now certain it is that there could be no one better fitted for such work than the Bradys themselves. At first it was a search for trap doors, the search extending through both rooms, but it came to nothing. While they were still at it somebody suddenly tried the door of the living room. The Bradys stopped and listened. The door was tried again, and then after a few moments' silence a key was fitted into the lock. It failed to work, of course, on account of the bolts.

"Who's in there?" Mrs. Ryan's voice called, angrily. "Who's in there, now?"

"Silence," breathed Old King Brady. "We don't want Mother Ryan butting in here. At least not as yet."

"Whoever youse is, open the dure!" she cried. "This is my house! Open the dure, I say."

But they neither opened the door nor answered. She called twice, and then went away.

"If she had only given us a name to go by," said Old King Brady. "However, we can't expect everything. Next thing she will be back with somebody to force the door. We want to hurry up with our work."

It was the walls next, and the search for secret panels began. Harry took the inner room where the walls were papered. There were two windows to this room. One had no blinds, and overlooked a very narrow well, formed by the walls of the house next door and a factory in the rear,

which came around the adjoining house at an angle. The other window was closed in by iron shutters, and concealed behind a shade drawn completely down. Harry did not particularly observe this before, but now as he came to look about him, it struck him as rather a peculiar arrangement. He raised the shade and saw the shutters. Then he tried to raise the window sash, but found it nailed fast. He threw open the other window and looked out, discovering, to his surprise, that a flight of winding iron steps, very old and rusty, led down from the closed window.

Evidently at some past time this window had served the purpose of a door, as there was no other way of getting on the steps from that story, and they extended no higher. Harry got busy about that window frame at once, and the result was an easy discovery of the fact that it opened inward by a hidden spring, carrying the plastering below and the iron shutters with it. Thus the whole thing formed a door, and one could walk right out of the room upon the iron steps.

"Governor! Alice! Come here," he called in a low voice. "I think I have solved the mystery."

They joined him, and Old King Brady went out on the steps. They were not overlooked by any windows, singularly enough, owing to the arrangement of the enclosing walls, which it would take too long to explain, unless, indeed, someone happened to look out of the windows of the Spider's Web itself.

"Probably this is the road the missing ones traveled," said Old King Brady. "We can only descend and investigate."

"Would it not be better for one of us to stop here and sound the warning in case Mrs. Ryan attacks the door?" suggested Alice.

"I think it would," replied Old King Brady.

"Then let it be me."

"Very well. We won't be gone a minute, anyhow. I shall not proceed far without you, Alice. I just want to see what lies below here."

They hurried down the steps, which landed them in a narrow flagged courtyard below the street level by several feet. From this court there appeared to be but one exit, and that was by way of an iron door set in the wall of the Spider's Web, which was locked.

"That is probably the way they went," said Old King Brady, shaking the door.

"Bolted on the inside," he added. "Nothing doing here."

"I suspect we shall have to tackle this place by night," said Harry.

"It looks so. The case grows more complicated as we advance. But Mother Ryan knows the secrets of the place of course. I think we better take her in hand."

"It will be a dead giveaway, Governor."

"We have given ourselves away already. She knows that I am interested in this business, judging what Alice overheard her say in that Hester street house."

"Well, that's so, too. Shall we return?"

Old King Brady tried the iron door again.

"It is certainly bolted," he said, "and even if it was not I doubt if our skeleton keys would touch that queer old-fashioned lock. Yes, we will return."

And they returned to face trouble. For when they got back into the rooms the door of the living

room had been burst in, and Alice was gone. Harry gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Here stand a pair of fools!" he exclaimed. "What in the world ever possessed us to leave that dear girl alone in this dangerous place?"

"Yes, but just the same we did it!" cried Old King Brady. "No time for talk now. We go for Mother Ryan on the jump!"

He waited only to close the window-door, and followed Harry across the hall, where he was already banging on the door opposite. There was no answer, and the door was locked. Further along the hall women, attracted by the noise, looked out from doors.

"Does Mrs. Ryan live in these rooms?" Old King Brady called out.

"Yes, sir, she does," replied one of the women.

From a door on the other side a horrible old blind man, with eyeless sockets, and dressed in rags, stepped out.

"Is it detectives? Is it the cops?" he called.

"Yes, it is," replied Old King Brady. "What do you know about Mrs. Ryan? Is she in there, friend?"

"She must be," replied the blind man. "I heard her hollering in the hall a few minutes ago, and then I heard her telling them to break in the door of old Jake's room, and they did break it in, so."

Old King Brady thundered on the door again. Now a shuffling about was heard inside, and the door was opened by a frightened looking young woman, who demanded their business. The Bradys pushed past her into a suite of three well-furnished rooms, which the landlady of the Spider's Web reserved for herself. The woman did not attempt to stop them. The Bradys looked into all the rooms and could see no one.

"Where's Mrs. Ryan?" demanded Old King Brady then.

"I donno, sir. She's went out," the woman stammered.

"You lie, and you know it. She was in the hall just a minute ago breaking in doors. There was a young woman with us, and she has disappeared. Of course Mrs. Ryan had her brought in here."

"That's what she didn't then, boss. I tell you she's went out."

"Harry, go for a policeman!" said the old detective, with a sign which said "don't."

But the ruse did not work. The young woman stuck to her denial. Then a policeman actually was summoned, and a thorough search of the Spider's Web was made. Every room was visited, but there was neither trace of Alice nor of Mother Ryan. In that brief moment the enemy had got in his fine work. Alice had been caught in the Spider's Web. It is needless to go into further details as to these doings. Sufficient to say that it all came to nothing. At the end of the day the Bradys were on wiser than they had been before they began. An officer was detailed to watch for Mother Ryan in her rooms, while the Bradys went at the case in another way. The only points the detectives kept to themselves was as to the disappearance of Dr. Smith and the existence of the secret window-door.

Of course this stirred up Cherry Hill pretty thoroughly. It was time for the Bradys to disappear, and they did. But not until they had visited the rooms in which Dr. Smith resided, which were further down the street. They found noth-

ing there to throw any light upon this bank book mystery, however. Dr. Smith was a well-known character in the neighborhood, it appeared. People also knew all about old "Jake." But he was spoken of as a crazy beggar only, and no one with whom the Bradys talked even hinted that the old man might have money stowed away.

As for Dr. Smith, they called him a Jap, and the Cherry Hillers seemed to possess a high opinion of his skill as a physician. Night settled down over the great city, raw, cold and damp. At about nine o'clock an old man looking altogether like a beggar, turned into Cherry street out of Catherine, and walked on until nearly opposite the Spider's Web. Here there was a yard occupied by a dealer in old steam boilers and second hand machinery. Upon a block of iron a trampish looking young fellow sat with his head resting on his hand, apparently half asleep. The old man shuffled up and sat down beside him. It was just the Bradys on the job again—in fact they had been on the job all day in one way or another.

"Well, Harry," said Old King Brady, "you see I'm back again. What's the word?"

"No word except that I am half frozen sitting here."

"I suppose so. It is a wretched night."

"I have not lost sight of that door since I took up the watch, Governor. Nobody we are in the least interested in has gone either in or out—that's a sure thing. What's the word with you?"

"I can find nothing of Abe Cagney. The rooms where Alice located him are kept by an old woman who boards a bunch of crooks. She claims not to know Cagney, even by name."

"We have botched the business. All Crooktown knows now that we are out after him."

"I am free to admit that it is so. Still I fail to see how we could have acted otherwise than as he we did."

"Well, perhaps we couldn't. All the same, we have made a mess of it, and in my humble judgment, there is no use in watching that door any longer."

"I don't suppose there is. Let us get inside and see what the police man has to report."

"Do you think I better show myself to him?"

"No; I don't intend that you shall. Better get into Jake's rooms and wait for me to join you there."

"You still intend to watch the iron door?"

"I don't see any other way. I have a very strong idea that something will come of it, too."

"Let us hope so. Well, I'll go ahead and wait for you there."

Harry got up, and crossing the street, entered the Spider's Web. Old King Brady gave him a few minutes grace, and then shuffled after him. He ascended to Mrs. Ryan's floor, and looked in at Jake's room.

"I'm here," whispered Harry out of the darkness.

Old King Brady crossed the hall and knocked in a peculiar way on Mother Ryan's door. It was opened by the policeman, who had relieved the one first in charge.

"What yer want?" he demanded gruffly.

Old King Brady displayed his shield.

"Oh! Come in!" said the policeman, and the door was closed.

He was alone in the room, for the girl proved

to be a servant, and persisting in silence, had been arrested and taken to the Oak street station, where she was locked up. But even this did not prove sufficient to induce her to talk. Old King Brady had seen her within an hour, and he was almost inclined to believe that Mrs. Ryan had not returned to her apartments after her visit to the hospital, and that the girl was telling the truth.

"Any news, officer?" the old detective now asked.

"No," was the reply. "There hasn't been anybody at all here since I came on duty."

Old King Brady gave the man a cigar and sat down for a minute to talk.

"What do you know about Mother Ryan, officer?" he asked in his most confidential tone. "You can speak freely to me. I'll never give you away."

"Well, she's got a big pull in dis ward, Mr. Brady, and dat's no dream."

"She has, eh? Then it can only come in one way. She's a fence."

"Lat's what dey say."

"Has any attempt been made to trap her?"

"Not dat I ever heard of. Of course you know how it is wit up down here, we jest have to mind our own business and do what we are told."

"I know. But where does she keep her stuff? There's no sign of it here."

"You can search me. I'll never tell you, but she's a friend to every pawnbroker in the neighborhood, dat's a sure thing."

Old King Brady sat looking around for a few minutes, and then arose, saying that he would look in again later in the evening.

"I don't tink it's no use," said the officer. "She's been tipped off by somebody, surest ting. She'll never turn up, not so long as I stop here."

"I'm inclined to think so myself," replied the old detective. "Still we will stick it out for a while longer. I'll see you later, officer."

He left then and pretended to go downstairs, but he came right up again and noiselessly entered Jake's room.

"Still here, Harry?" he whispered, for he could see nothing in the darkness.

"Still here," replied Harry. "Anything new across the hall?"

"Nothing."

"Then I suppose we may as well get busy?"

"I think so."

Old King Brady got out his flashlight, and they proceeded to open the window-door, and then descended the iron steps. The door was carefully closed behind them—they had already discovered how to work it from the outside—and they found the iron door in the courtyard locked as they had left it. The Bradys now stationed themselves in the darkest corner of that little court. Hidden in the shadows, the patient detectives settled themselves down for their lonely watch.

CHAPTER VII.—Alice and Mother Ryan.

Alice was trapped in the most beautiful fashion imaginable. The breaking down of the door was done so suddenly that she had no time to pre-

pare for trouble other than to draw her revolver. But there was no chance to use it—it might have meant death if she had cried out. Three men, followed by the women she had shadowed, burst in upon her. All four held revolvers, and all were pointed at poor Alice as she stood there.

"She's the Montgomery woman—the Bradys' partner!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Told you so!" echoed Mother Ryan. "I was listening at de keyhole. I don't make no mistakes. Shoot her dead if she don't drop dat gun."

They closed about Alice, who saw nothing for it but to submit and throw down her revolver. Instantly Mother Ryan pulled from her shoulders a heavy cloak which she wore and flung it over Alice's head.

"You die if you let out one squawk!" she hissed. "Mind what I tell yer now."

She was gone for a minute, and then Alice heard her say:

"All clear! Run her across, boys."

Alice was hurried across the hall and into Mrs. Ryan's rooms.

"You'll get yourself into trouble, surest thing," a woman's voice exclaimed.

"Shut yer head!" was the fierce reply. "There'll come detectives here and mebbe de police. If you go doing any talking, even if you get arrested, you know what to expect from me."

"But I don't want to get arrested."

"If you do, I'll get you out again easy. If dere's anybody in dis ward what's got a bigger pull den I have, I'd like to know deir name."

This ended it. Alice's hands in the meantime had been tied behind her. The cloak was not removed. A lot of whispering now followed. It took place in the adjoining room. Alice could not catch much of it. These are a few scraps of sentences which reached her ears:

"I tell yer she—speaks Chineese."

"I know what—"

"Anyhow she can charm—"

"Don't blieve it."

"Gwan wit yer. I know my biz, and I know de doctor."

This last was Mrs. Ryan. She was evidently aroused, for she raised her voice. As for the rest of what Alice heard it was too vague to amount to anything. In a moment the conversation ceased. Someone got hold of Alice and turned her quickly around several times. Then she was led forward a short distance and heard a door close behind her. A hand then came up under the cloak, and she felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against her face.

"Move and you die," a man's voice breathed.

Alice was not moving. She felt comparatively secure now. From what she had overheard it was evident to her that these people had some particular use for her in connection with Dr. Smith. If they had meant to kill her they would have done so in the first place, she reasoned. Meanwhile Mrs. Ryan was making a thorough search of her person. This finished, the hand with the revolver was removed, and footsteps were heard retreating. Again a door closed, and for a few minutes all was still. Then suddenly Alice heard a movement behind her, and the cords which secured her hands were cut with a pair of scissors, and the cloak was taken off

her head by Mrs. Ryan, who still wore the Division street bonnet with its wagging plumes.

She threw the cloak over her own shoulders, and dropped panting into the chair. The room in which Alice now found herself was long and narrow, and lighted by a large hanging lamp. It was very neatly furnished as a bed chamber.

"Sit down, my dear," said Mother Ryan, who appeared to have lost her wind through her exertion. "Take the rocking chair. I want to have a little talk, but first let me say that if you are even half fair with me I'll go de whole figger with you—see?"

"What in the world is the woman driving at?" Alice asked herself.

It was all a dark mystery as yet. She sat silent, and this did not suit Mother Ryan very well, apparently.

"Come," she cried. "Youse must meet me half way, Miss Montgomery. I'm not going to do it all, dat's a sure ting."

"What can you possibly expect from me after the way you have used me?" demanded Alice.

"I know, I know," replied the woman. "It was kind of rough, but how else could I act? I want your help, Miss Montgomery. I listened at de keyhole, and when I found who youse all were, and dat de Bradys had gone down dem outside steps, I says to myself, now is my chanst, and so I took dat chanct, my dear, and here we are together, nice and sociable—see?"

She was evidently trying to curry favor with her. Alice saw this and other things plainly enough. To hurry matters along she resolved upon a complete change of front.

"Look here, Mrs. Ryan," she said, "if people tell the truth, then you are a woman who is out for the money, first, last and all the time. Isn't it so?"

"My dear, it is so," replied the woman hastily. "Whoever told you me name and told you dat told de trute."

"Then I am another of the same kind."

"Oh!"

"What's the matter? You seem to doubt me?"

"An' I'll be after tellin' yer why. I have a frind who claims he knows Old King Brady well. He says de old man can't be bought. If dere is sich a man in de worruld, I d'n know."

"Every man has his price, Mrs. Ryan. Old King Brady certainly can't be bought cheap. Of course he don't tell me when he is brought. But he is worth a great deal of money. How did he get it all? Like other men, I suppose."

"Sure ting, my dear. Sure ting. His price may be high, but you may be sure he has it."

"And I have mine, too. Make your bid if you want my services. It is for me to accept it or turn it down."

"Now yer talkin' good since, so yer are. But let me ask yer a question. Is it true dat you can spake Chineese?"

"It is."

"And where did ye learn it?"

"In China, where I was born."

"Luk at dat now. Well, an' can you talk to anny kind of Chink?"

"Sure. But do come to the point."

"I will. Listen. I kape a lodging house for beggars an' beats."

"Yes."

"For de last tree years I had a queer ould man what dey call Jake livin' in dat room where you was to. He is some kind of a Chink. Dey tell me dere's different kinds, but I dunno. When he first came here he could speak some English, but he was weak minded, and he seemed to forget dat, so lately it's only Chink talk with him."

"Do come to the point, Mrs. Ryan. What about all this?"

"I'm comin'. For tree years old Jake came an' went and never said nothin' to nobody. As he paid his rint regler I never paid no particklar attention to him, having enough business of me own to attend to. Last week he was tuk sick, and tuk to his bed. I sinds for Dr. Smith, on the next block, who's some kinder Chink or Jap himself, and he says de old man is very bad, and is goin' to die—see?"

"I follow you. Go on."

"So it wint for a couple of days. Den Dr. Smith he says to me, 'Mrs. Ryan, dat man's gettin' pretty bad. He must have a nurse.'"

"Who's to pay for it?" says I. 'He's already paid for it so,' said he. 'What's dat?' says I. 'Den de old guy has money hid,' says I. 'Not a cint now,' says he. 'I've got it all.'"

"It made me mad, Miss Montgomery, to tink what might have been mine if I'd shown Jake more attintion, but I kapes quiet, an' de nurse comes. A Mrs. Sievens, what had nursed a lot of people for Dr. Smith around de ward."

Alice listened with growing interest. She had not been mistaken then. In spite of the disadvantage under which she labored she was working on the case still.

"She was notin' great," continued Mrs. Ryan. "Sure-I knowed her husband an' he's as mean a crook as ever came down de pike. Dey didn't live together, so she tuk up nursing under Dr. Smith and from de airs she put on an' de clothes she wore! Why you'd tort she was de finest lady in de land."

"And she got on the blind side of old Jake and learned his secrets," said Alice, hoping to hurry matters.

"She did. He came back to his English on his sick bed. He gave her a bank book what called for near twenty tousand. He writ something in it in Chineese what told about a wonderful ruby wort tousands and tousands and tousands, Miss Montgomery, what he'd hid in a junk shop what he uster kape up on de East Side."

"And how did you learn all this?"

"Sure she told me herself, boasting like, before she went out yesterday afternoon. She went to meet her husband, and she went to her death, and well you know it. She's lyin' dead in de Hospital now."

"I know who you mean," said Alice, quietly.

"Av coorse you do, my dear. De Bradys got her, but Sievens had knocked her out and she died. And say, now we come to de point. Jake wouldn't tell her where dat ruby was hid. He writ it in Chineese. 'You marry de doctor. He'll read it for yer,' he says. 'Dat's yer weddin' prisent for de good care you tuk of me, he says.' Sure she came and told me, boasting like, de fool. I'll niver marry Dr. Smith,' she says. 'I'm not marryin' no Chink. I'll find somebody else to read dat,' she says, 'or me husband will.'"

"I wonder if she got around to telling her husband about it," remarked Alice.

"I dunno, my dear," replied Mrs. Ryan. "I hardly tink it; from what a good frind of mine told me—and I'll not deceive you, 'twas Abe Cagney, de crook, an' he got it from Tony de Greek; he meant to kill her annyway, so he could marry a vaudeville goil he's stuck on. But you can take dat for what it's wort."

"And to get back to Jake," prompted Alice. "What became of him?"

"What became of him, my dear! Why, I spirited him away, being left to watch him, for I'm out for dat ruby meself. What happened den? Mrs. Sievens got it in de neck. Whatever she did wit de bank book I dunno. Perhaps she had it on her an' de Bradys got it. Perhaps she left it wit some frind. Mebbe you kin tell me about dat."

"Unfortunately I can't."

"She must have left it with a frind. It would be like her. She's a sly one. I've knowed her dese many years. But I care nothing for dat. I've got Jake. Den Dr. Smith gets a smell of de ruby somehow. He goes for de Bradys to help him find de old man, and perhaps Mabel—dat's Mrs. Sievens—too. Very good. I expected it. I gets Dr. Smith, too, and sure he'll stay locked in till I get troo my business, and now you know all."

"Exactly," said Alice; "and I'm expected to pump Jake and find out where the ruby is hidden?"

"Dat's it. Now suppose you fail. He's very low. Den I tink Dr. Smith must know a lot. Annyhow I shall want you to charm him and find out what he does know, also to try and help me get dat bank book, which will be a sure clue. Mebbe de hospital people tuk it off of her. I tried to pump de matron as to what was found onto her, but as I didn't dare to go too far, not wanting to let on I recognized her, I didn't make out very well about dat."

"I see your programme, Mrs. Ryan," said Alice. "It is all well enough, so far as you have laid it out. But where do I get off the cars?"

"You get off at halfway street, my dear. I'm fair—fair every time. It's halves between us so."

"Very well," replied Alice. "I'll go you. Consider it a bargain. You didn't have to go to half the trouble you did to get me, either. Now then, what's the first thing to do?"

"To tackle Jake before he dies, and that may be anny minute."

"I'm ready."

"All right! All right, my dear!" cried the woman, in a tone of immense satisfaction. "You come along wit me."

CHAPTER VIII.—All Hands Hard at Work.

Little imagining that Alice's capture by the enemy meant an opening up of the whole case, the Bradys stood there in the shadows of that little court waiting. And a long, dreary time they had of it. For over two hours passed before their patience was rewarded, which it finally was. They had almost given up hope. But at last the change came, and Harry was the first to hear it

"Hist!" he breathed. "Somebody is unbolting the door on the inside."

"I hear! Not a sound!" replied the old detective, and a few seconds later the door was pushed slowly out into the court.

All was dark behind it. They could see no one—hear no one. Whoever had opened that door was evidently taking no chances. It was a moment of keen anxiety to the detectives. If a flashlight was turned upon them then they were done for, of course. They drew their revolvers and stood ready for instant action. But there was no light. Mother Ryan's bunch had not progressed as far as flashlights, it seemed.

At last a woman's voice spoke.

"Dere don't seem to be no one laying for us, Abe."

The Bradys drew closer into the shadows of the wall. Here they were up against Abe Cagney at last, it would appear. Harry half expected to get the order to jump on the man, but it did not come.

"No," replied Abe. "I told you dere wasn't no danger. I was up in Jake's room. De door to de steps was closed. Dere wasn't no one dere."

"It's dat blame cop what's boddering me."

"Don't I know? Dat's what we are here for."

"Go on up, Aby, and see if he's dere still, or if I can slip in and get some of me tings. It won't do for me to show meself on de street nor in de house, till de Bradys give up altogether."

"Dat's all right, an' dat's what we are here for," replied Cagney, "but before I go any-furder in dis job I want to know more about it, mother. Get dat?"

"Of course I get it, you sassy guy. Are youse goin' back on Mother Ryan at dis late hour of de day?"

"It's just de right hour to come to an understandin', an' don't you forget it. What's dis job all about?"

"As dough you didn't know it's about Mabel Sievens and Jake?"

"Dem's dead ones, an' dat sort of talk is dead, too. Dere's more into it dan dat. No go, Mother Ryan. You've got to tell me more, if you want my help."

"Yer crazy gazabo! As if I hadn't helped you with yer crooked jobs time and time and again."

"Yer blamed old fence! Yer never done a ting for me in all yer life dat yer didn't see a hundred per cent. in it. What's de matter wit me givin' de hull snap away. Dere's a man what pays good for all he gets."

"I'll tell yer no more dan I've told you already," retorted Mother Ryan, stubbornly. "Go to Old King Brady if yer dare! I'll put yer nose out of joint. I'll give de hull snap away to him meself, and see dat you get a free pass up de river. I'll swear dat you was hired by Sievens to kill his wife wit knockout drops, and dat you done it—dat you told me so yerself."

"You blamed old witch! I've a great mind to choke de life out of you where ver stand."

"Lay a hand on me if yer dare, Abe Cagney! I'm good for de likes of you anny day in the week. It's more dan wan like yerself I've helped Ryan lay out in de days gone by!"

Cagney seemed to appreciate the threat.

"Come, come, mother!" he said more mildly, "we mustn't quarrel."

"I should say not."

"I'll go ahead blind, as I always have to do with you."

"I should say you'd better, Cagney. Sure you know blame well dat all I've got to do is to cross me little finger to have you railroaded up the river."

"Dere, dere, mother. Say no more. I'll go up and see how de land lays."

He ascended the steps and was heard to open the door. Again Harry expected the signal to make a move, for he was sure Old King Brady would jump on Mother Ryan. It did not come, however, and Harry wondered.

At last Cagney returned.

"Well?" demanded Mother Ryan.

"I was in de room by de other door. De cop is dere sound asleep on de lounge."

"Good enough, Aby. Does he seem to be a heavy sleeper?"

"I should say he did."

"Den we'll give him a dose of chloroform so, an' dat will let me out till I get all I want. Den we'll get back an' see how Miss Montgomery makes out wit jollyin' de doctor."

They both ascended the winding stairs now, and disappeared through the window-door above.

"At last!" breathed Harry. "She's got Alice all right, it seems."

"Certainly. I am sure of it. I suppose you thought I would jump on the woman?"

"I thought you would jump on both, Governor."

"I knew you did, Harry, but I am resolved to give them a little more rope. I want to understand what all this is about. Let the lover calm his patience. This thing is going to work out all right in the end."

The allusion was to the deep affection which Young King Brady feels for Alice. Practically they are engaged, but Alice simply will not hear to giving up the detective business, with which she has become completely fascinated in spite of its many perils. Thus Young King Brady has been obliged to bide his time.

"We will get in there now and see what we can find," said the old detective.

They groped their way to the iron door, which still stood open, and Old King Brady flashed his light inside. All they saw was a subcellar, dirty and foul-smelling.

"Slide in," said Old King Brady. "I am going to bolt this door."

"There must be another way of getting in," remarked Harry.

"I'm sure of it," was the reply. "Perhaps we shall find it. What we want now is Alice."

"Of course."

And what Alice wanted just then was the Bradys, to explain which we must turn back in time. Having come to her very satisfactory understanding with Mother Ryan, Alice arose and announced herself ready for business.

"And so am I, my dear," replied the woman. "You just come along with me."

She led her into the next room, which contained a long table, two chairs and a stove. There was a row of closets built out from the wall on one side. Alice wondered if this was where Mother Ryan carried on her business as a fence, for Old King Brady had mentioned the suspicious which had attached themselves to the woman.

"Would you mind turning your back a minute?" asked Mother Ryan. "Sure I don't let everywan into dis little den of mine, and de way in and out I keep to meself."

Alice turned her back.

"Now!" cried Mother Ryan.

Alice turned again and saw that one of the closet doors stood open and there was a passage through to the room beyond. They passed into a vacant room, and Mother Ryan pushed shut the door, which formed the back of the closet, which now assumed the appearance of a plain plastered wall on their side. The room was a small one, and bare of furniture. Mrs. Ryan produced a key, unlocked the door, and they passed out into a hall. Alice saw that they must now be in the adjoining tenement.

"Do you own this house, too?" she asked.

"Six of 'em, my dear, an' the ould machinery place acrost de way. Me husband did a big business wunst, and left me plenty do to luk after his property, and a big botheration it is, too. Sure I'm tired of it. If we win on dis little deal, I'm going to quit and sell out, an' go live in some uptown hotel like a lady. It's what I am used to, Miss Montgomery. Sure I was a lady's maid in de old country, an' I've waited on de finest ladies in-de land."

She led the way down to the lower hall, and proceeding to the back, unlocked the door leading down into the cellar. They encountered no one on the way. When Mrs. Ryan shut the cellar door behind them they found themselves in the dark.

"Stand where you are, my dear. I'll fix dis now," she said.

She struck a match, took down a lantern which hung on a hook, and lighted it, then leading the way down into the cellar. Passing over into one corner, she moved an old empty packing case, and pulled up a trap door, revealing a ladder beneath.

"Let me go down first and light the way. Sure I'm used to it, and you ain't," said Mother Ryan.

They descended into a subcellar, which had a board floor, and along one side a wooden enclosure extending out half its width, in which there were several doors.

"Sure it's not a parlor," chuckled Mother Ryan, "but many's the dollar in rint I've tuk out of thim."

"Beggars?" asked Alice.

"Not at all, my dear. Crooks lying low. But I'm out of that business now. It's too risky. Come on."

She advanced to the last door; there was light streaming through the keyhole, and it was the same with another door of the row. Mrs. Ryan again produced her bunch of keys and unlocked the door.

"There you are," she whispered, before opening it. "Jake's inside. In wit ye and talk Chineese to him. See what youse can do, and I'll wait here."

Alice slipped into the enclosure. It was well furnished as a bedroom. Upon a single iron bed on one side lay an old, old man, with terribly wrinkled face and snow-white hair. It was easy to see that he was an Oriental of some kind, and he did bear some slight resemblance to a Chinaman. His eyes were closed, and he lay perfectly

still. Alice went up to the bed and addressed him in Chinese to keep up her end before Mother Ryan, whom she knew must be listening outside. There was no answer. She called out still louder, and then receiving no answer, laid her hand upon his head. The forehead was icy cold. It came as somewhat of a shock to Alice. She had not expected this. She stepped to the door and beckoned to Mother Ryan, who had asked her to speak low. The woman made all haste to enter. "Ah, bad luck! Sure I read de trute in yer face!" she breathed. "He is dead!"

"Indeed he is, Mrs. Ryan. See for yourself."

"Well, well, well! Luk at dat now! An' dat's de way it all goes."

She laid her hand upon the old man's forehead.

"Dead as Paddy's pig," she muttered, "and it's a good while since he croaked, too. Me own fault. I should have looked into it meself, instead of leaving him to Abe Cagney. Now thim we are up agin Dr. Smith. Unless we can get our hands on dat bank book, and dat's a slim chanst."

She seemed disturbed, and kept looking at Alice in a peculiar way.

"Well, suppose I tackle the doctor?" demanded Alice. "Is he locked in down here, too?"

"He is, but there's the trouble, Miss Montgomery. He mustn't know you are working for me."

"I understand you. You think the only way for me to get anything out of him is to be locked in there with him as a prisoner?"

"Don't yer see it so yerself? But I don't like to put dat on yer, Miss Montgomery."

"It's all right," replied Alice. "I consent. In my business one has to do all kinds of queer things."

"Sure yer de right sort."

"Tie my hands behind me and push me into the room. Is he tied up?"

"He is not. He can't get out of here. Even if he opened his dure, he couldn't get up troo de trap door, for dat's heavy bolted."

"Do as I tell you, Mrs. Ryan, and leave the rest to me."

Mrs. Ryan went into another room and returned with a piece of rope with which she tied Alice's hands. And Dr. Smith, who was in the other room from which the light came streaming, was surprised to see the door suddenly open and a very good looking young woman come tumbling in. So noiselessly had Mother Ryan worked that he had not heard a sound.

CHAPTER IX.—The Mystery of Harry.

Alice was not in as much danger as she feared might prove to be the case. The Burmese are a mild, inoffensive people. The doctor, who was English on his mother's side, was a mild, inoffensive man, a little secretive, and with a violent temper—nothing more. If he had been quicker he might have forced his way out. Indeed, he did make a rush for the door, but Alice blocked the way. Mother Ryan called out:

"Now den, doctor, I've give yer a companion in misery. Jake's dead. It's up to you, man. If youse don't make up yer mind to tell what yer know, to-night will be your last. Sure I'll come,

or sind in an hour to see if you've made up your mind to be good."

"You wretched old hag!" shouted the doctor. "How many times have I to tell you that I know no more of what you want to find out than you do? Take this woman out of here! Let me out, if you know when you are well off."

Mother Ryan went away laughing. It had been arranged between her and Alice that she should not return for an hour. Also that if Alice wanted to be let out she was to pronounce a certain word. Dr. Smith sat down on the edge of the bed. There was only one chair in the room.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Another victim of this wretched business? Where do you come in?"

"Wait until she is surely gone," whispered Alice. "I am here as a friend, not an enemy, Dr. Smith."

The doctor looked puzzled. It was evident that he did not believe her. Alice stood silent until she heard the heavy trap door fall.

"Now, then, it's all right," she said. "Suppose you untie my hands."

Dr. Smith silently complied. Alice dropped into the chair.

"You asked who I was. 'Allow me to introduce Miss Montgomery, of the Brady Detective Bureau,' she said.

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor.

"You have heard of me?"

"Yes. Young King Brady mentioned you. Are you aware—"

"That he was working for you? Certainly."

Alice went on to explain the circumstances of her capture. She made it appear that she had been brought directly to this secret den. She wanted to become a little better acquainted with Dr. Smith before she took him into her full confidence. The doctor listened gloomily.

"This is bad business," he said. "I have known for some time that Mrs. Ryan was a desperately bad woman, but I did not suppose she would go to any such length as this."

"And why has she done it? What is it she wants you to tell? You kept all that back from Young King Brady, doctor. It would have been better if you had given him your full confidence. Then he might have advised you, and this would not have occurred."

The doctor looked glum.

"Which is as much as to say that you want me to give you my full confidence," he replied. "How do I know you are what you pretend to be?"

"Easily proved," said Alice, and she exhibited her detective's shield.

The doctor examined it closely.

"It seems straight," he remarked.

"It is straight."

"And do you actually know old Jake to be dead?"

"I do. I was taken to his room first. I saw him dead with my own eyes."

"Why did Mrs. Ryan do this?"

"She thinks that Jake was a Chinaman, and that you are one, too."

"I know she has that fool idea. I have told her half a dozen times that neither of us were Chinese. I am a Burmese. So was the old man. I have nothing to tell the woman that she wants

to know or don't know already. But even if Jake had been living, what could you have done? The man could speak perfect English if he wanted to, but you can't speak Burmese, of course."

"I cannot, but I can speak Chinese, and Mrs. Ryan persisted in believing that the dead man was a Chinaman."

"You can speak Chinese! I don't believe it!" cried the doctor.

"Nevertheless it is so, and I pass over your impolite way of putting your doubts."

"As it happens, I can speak Chinese," retorted the doctor, dryly, and he immediately began talking in that language.

Of course he had to haul in his horns, for Alice met him at every turn. And now that this bond of union was discovered, the doctor broke silence. They continued to talk in Chinese, and the doctor told a story which perfectly fitted the one Mother Ryan had given Alice. This settled it, of course. Alice explained the situation fully.

"Well, this is a queer turn of affairs," declared the doctor, "but I can assure you, Miss Montgomery, that I have no further information to give. You have told me more about the matter than I knew myself."

"So I perceive," replied Alice. "Do you believe old Jake really had a ruby?"

"I do. He told me so with his own lips. Moreover, he told me his true name, and I happen to have heard my father say that a man of that name was once a priest in the big Bhuddist temple, or wat, as we call them, at Bhangallapore, in British Burmah, from which he stole a ruby, one of the priestly ornaments, and disappeared with it many years ago."

"Is it possible! That certainly makes it look as if the old man spoke the truth."

"He told me that he was the priest, and that he had always kept the ruby. He lost his memory about three years ago, and it did not come back to him until he was taken sick in Mrs. Ryan's Spider's Web, but he was crazy still. He took a great shine to this Mrs. Stevens. While he wouldn't tell me where he hid the ruby, I can readily believe that he may have written it in the bank book, as Mrs. Ryan claims. I only wish you had that torn page, Miss Montgomery."

"I wish I had, doctor. But Old King Brady has it, which is next to the best thing."

"And what do you advise?" demanded the doctor, for they had now come to a perfect understanding.

"Two things," said Alice. "First, let us try to get out of here if we can. Failing that, that we wait for the Bradys to find us, which they surely will."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. If you knew them as well as I do, you also would feel sure."

"But the getting out part. I am afraid you won't find that so easy. The door seems to be double bolted."

"It is, but the bolts are well oiled, that is why you did not hear when Mother Ryan opened them. I noted their position. If you have a knife, and could cut a hole in the door now—"

"Unfortunately, I have no knife."

"Nor have I. I always carry one, but when I was searched it was taken away."

"Then we seem to be up against it. There is nothing for it but to wait."

Alice did not subscribe to this until she had made some effort to get the door open, in which she failed. They sat there talking. Alice took quite a fancy to this little Burmese doctor. She questioned him further about the ruby, which he now frankly admitted that he wanted to get when he went to engage Harry, and asked him what he intended to do with it if he succeeded.

"Why, restore it to the temple, of course," replied the doctor emphatically.

"Then you are a Bhuddist?"

"That's what I am, Miss Montgomery. I care nothing for money. My life practicing medicine among the poor exactly suits me, and I would not change it for anything. Believe me or not, I had no other idea in connection with the ruby than to restore it to the religious order to which it rightfully belongs."

"Is it the eye of an idol or anything of that sort?"

"No; but it is supposed to possess sacred properties. I really can't explain. It is something we are forbidden to talk about to outsiders."

Just then footsteps were heard outside, and there came a loud knocking on the door.

"Hello!" shouted the doctor.

If Alice had only known it, Abe Cagney's was the voice which answered.

"I want to speak to the woman," he cried.

"Well?" said Alice.

"Got any word for Mrs. Ryan? She's tuk sick. She can't come now."

"No, I have no word that I know of except that I want to be let out of this," replied Alice.

"All right. I'll tell her," said Cagney, and he went away.

A wait of hours followed after that, and no one came near them. It was now night, and Alice began to wonder how it was all going to end. Dr. Smith had grown very impatient. He had been skeptical from the first about the Bradys finding them, and now he declared that he did not believe they would ever come.

"We must get out of this some way," he declared. "We can't stay here all night. If Mother Ryan comes, you better go out yourself and jolly her along, Miss Montgomery. Never mind me. You will have a better chance to rescue me outside than in."

And at last footsteps were heard approaching the door. Suddenly a voice exclaimed:

"You go on in there, Governor, and see what you find. I've struck something I want to look into. Be with you in a second."

"The Bradys at last!" cried Alice.

"Mr. Brady! Oh, Mr. Brady!" she called, and in a moment the bolts were shot back and a skeleton key had picked the lock.

"Well, Alice!" exclaimed the old detective. "And this, I suppose, is Dr. Smith."

The doctor, who had done away with his disguise, shook hands.

"You have been a long time getting here, Mr. Brady," he said, "but you are none the less welcome, now that you have come. Where is my friend, your partner?"

"Left him in the other cellar," replied Old King Brady. "But come right along. Now is our

chance to escape. Later it may not be so easy. We can talk as we go."

They hurried after him, and he led them through an iron door which separated this subcellar from the one under the Spider's Web.

"Harry! I've got Alice!" cried the old detective, flashing his light about.

There was no answer.

"Harry! Where are you?" he repeated.

Still no answer.

"Dear me! More trouble!" sighed Alice. "What in the world has the boy done with himself now?"

That was the question. Old King Brady and Alice searched that subcellar thoroughly, but not a trace of Harry could they find.

CHAPTER X—Young King Brady Gets Off on New Lines.

Harry's sudden disappearance seemed a great mystery, of course, and it really was mysterious under the circumstances, but yet it was simple enough. In looking about the subcellar under the Spider's Web which they entered from the court, the Bradys discovered an iron door leading through into the subcellar of the house beyond the one beneath which Alice and Dr. Smith were confined. This door proved to be locked, and while Old King Brady was trying to work his skeleton keys in the lock, Harry was flashing his light about. That was the time he discovered in a corner something which neither he nor the old detective had at first observed. This was a flagstone of no great size standing upright against a post. Harry went over to see what it meant, and discovered that the stone had originally covered an opening in the floor, which was flagged all over, while the floor of the other subcellar was made of boards. Harry flashed his light down into this opening, and saw that there was a ladder below. Just then Old King Brady had already passed through the open door and Harry did not care to shout out too much talk. So he slipped down the ladder to have a look while the old detective, hearing Alice's voice, pressed on. The ladder took him down into what might once have been one of the many private abandoned sewers, which certainly are plentiful in that section of New York. On the other hand it might have light into it, saw what it was like, and started to return, when suddenly, for some unexplained reason, the stone fell back into place and could not be moved. If Old King Brady had not been in the room talking with Dr. Smith and Alice he surely must have heard the crash. But as it was, he did not hear it, and as this flagstone fitted in with the rest, here was poor Harry penned underground with nothing to indicate where he had gone. He called and called, but the stone was thick, and they did not hear him. And still he called until at last it seemed useless to keep on calling, for he felt sure that by this time Old King Brady must have given it up and gone away. And now the young detective resigned himself to his fate and set out to do the best he could under the circumstances. The passage ended or began directly under the fallen stone, which was edged in so tight that all Harry's efforts failed to raise it. Thus there was nothing to do but to press

forward through the passage, and see where it was going to lead him. And this Harry did. He was dressed like a young tough, it will be remembered, and he felt thankful now that he was thus disguised. The passage ran about northeast, and soon came to an end at a place where there was another ladder, with another stone above. Harry, who was careful to take his bearings, felt that it may be under the secondhand machinery man's buildings that he had come, or perhaps beneath some house in the rear. He gave up the sewer idea now. At all events, here Young King Brady was at its end. He climbed the ladder, which was old and shaky, and put his hands against the stone. It moved. A few efforts were sufficient to raise it. It went back against a post like the other stone, and remained in place. Harry got out his light and found himself in a cellar. There were no stairs, and no windows. Over in one corner was another ladder leading up to a wooden trap door. This proved also to be unfastened, and raising it, Harry found himself in a narrow enclosure where there was a standing ladder against the wall. There were no signs of a door, either secret or otherwise, so it was a case of pushing ahead up the ladder, which Harry promptly did, and in a minute he came abreast a secret panel, the working of which was plainly shown on this side. Harry listened, but could hear no sound. He worked the spring and the panel opened. He was looking into a long room where there were several bunks against the wall. In three of them were men asleep. A stove with a good fire in it stood against the chimney. There was a long table in the middle of the floor, and several chairs.

"Some kind of a lodging house," thought Harry, and carefully closing the panel, he tiptoed to the bunks, and had a look at the sleepers. They were the toughest of the tough.

"Crooks surely, thought Young King Brady. "I must be getting out of this."

But he had delayed too long. As he turned towards the door he heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. Acting on the spur of the moment, Harry crawled into an empty bunk, pulled an old comfortable over him, and turning his face to the wall, lay still. He was just in time, for the door now opened and two men entered the room. Harry did not attempt to look around then. He was devoutly hoping that he had not got into the bunk in which one of these newcomers proposed to sleep. Thus it came as a relief when one sat down at the table after the other remarked:

"Now then, Tom, sit down and I'll see if there is any whisky left. We'll have a good drink, and a smoke, and talk it over. I'm not feeling at all up to the mark. If I was, mebbe I'd tackle the job alone, but as it is, I feel the need of help."

"Aw, rats, Sievens," was the reply. "Dere's nothing de matter wit you, only dat you're shook up on account of your wife's death."

"You may well say so, boy. I meant to do her up, as I owned to you. I hired Abe Cagney and Toney the Greek to do the job, but I did not expect to have the Bradys come butting in, and Mabel to die in a hospital. How can I tell whether she actually did die without coming to or not? Whether I've been lied to about that. Whether the Bradys are on my trail or not. All

these things are quite enough to bother a man, and make him feel shaky, I should say."

"And I should say so, too," rejoined Tom, adding:

"But hurry up wit dat whisky. I'm as dry as an old corn-cob."

Harry glanced over his shoulder and saw him as he came out of a closet with a whisky bottle in one hand and two tumblers in the other. It was the man with the derby, whom he and Old King Brady had shadowed in the Bronx the evening before. He had expected nothing else, of course, after hearing the name Sievens spoken; but the sight of that white, wicked face made him realize the danger of his own situation all the more.

"Yes, Tom," continued Sievens, placing the bottle and glasses on the table, "Mabel is dead at last, and, of course, I am responsible for her death, but I tell you honestly, when I gave her that knockout stuff I never thought it would do more than make her too sleepy to put up a holler."

They had their drink, and Sievens continued to harp upon his wife's death until suddenly he lowered his voice and broke away from the theme by saying:

"Come! Cut it out, Tom, and let's get down to biz."

"I can't cut it out altogether, man, for it's part of the programme. I made up my mind to that, I tell you, so I fixed up an engagement to have Mabel meet me yesterday, no matter where, but meet me she did, and to my surprise, she was particularly friendly; instead of giving me the usual dose of temper and ugliness, she told me that she was very glad the meeting had come around."

"She wanted something out of you, I suppose," put in Tom.

"She did," was the reply. "It seems that old crazy Jake has been taken sick over in the Spider's Web."

"Yes, so I heard."

"Shut up and don't be interrupting me. Dr. Smith was sent for, and he put Mabel on the job as usual. The old fellow takes a big fancy for her. It turns out that he can speak English well enough if he wants to, and what does he do but tell Mabel that he once kept a junk shop over on Avenue D. Was there for a number of years. He also told her that he was the owner of a thundering big ruby, which he swiped out in China or wherever it was he came from, and that it was hidden in the building where he used to carry on business."

"At first he wouldn't tell Mabel how to find the stone. Then he changed his mind about that and wrote it down in his own language. Of course, that didn't do the poor girl much good, and she told him so. Finally, she got it all out of him by word of mouth, and what he gave her, Mabel gave me."

"But why did Jake leave the ruby there? He sure has been wandering about de Fort Ward crazy as a bug for tree years."

"Just about that I understand, and it was because he was crazy that he acted as he did. He even forgot his name. I mean the name he went by when he was in the junk business."

"What was that?"

"Jacob Dothan."

"Gee! I remember dat man, and his place. Reisling & Co., the house wreckers, bought him out."

"Exactly. I thought likely you would remember when I spoke the name, for you used to live up that way."

"Question if the building he was in is standing still. Reisling & Co. pulled down two or three old houses to make room for deir yard."

"I know it, but they didn't pull down that one, for I saw it only this afternoon. Now that's the whole thing, Tom, and with your help I propose to try my luck after that ruby to-night."

"It will never be anything but glass."

"We can't tell. Are you with me?"

"Sure ting, Fritz."

"All right then, let's have another drink."

Now it need scarcely be said that all this talk formed mighty interesting listening for Young King Brady, and he blessed the accident which had brought his chance about. But not a word had Sievens said about the bank book. They had another drink and talked further. At the start the conversation had been in the lowest of whispers. Indeed it was just about all Harry could do to catch what was being said, but they dropped their caution as time went on, and the liquor began to get in its fine work.

"We'll need an outside man," declared Tom at last.

"Who shall we take?" he asked.

"Any one of dese guys. It don't make no difference," was the reply.

"Well, then, shake one of them up and let's get on the move. It's getting on towards mid-night, and we want to get uptown."

It would appear that Tom was boss there in the crook's lodging house. He got up and coming over to the bunk where Harry lay, gave him an violent shake.

"Here, wake up, you guy!" he growled. "On de job! Pull yerself together and come along with us."

"I'm in for it," thought Harry. "Now there's going to be trouble, surest thing."

CHAPTER XI.—Ruby Hunting.

"We go now," said Old King Brady. "It is useless to hang around this cellar any longer. Whatever has become of the boy will develop later, I suppose."

Alice yielded a reluctant assent to this. It did seem too bad that just as she had got out of her own trouble that Harry's should begin. But both she and Old King Brady knew Harry well enough to be certain of his ability to take care of himself under all ordinary circumstances. So they got out into the court, ascended the stairs, and entered old Jack's room.

"Shall you take Mother Ryan in?" asked Alice.

"That depends upon what you have to tell me," replied Old King Brady. "I want to hear your story first."

Alice hastily told it.

"And can you read what is written on that torn page, Dr. Smith?" the old detective asked.

"I certainly can," replied the doctor, "if it is written in Burmese, as I have no doubt it is."

"We'll settle that point right now," said Old King Brady, and he produced the paper.

Handing it to Dr. Smith, he flashed his light upon it and awaited the result. It was most satisfactory. Dr. Smith read the round of writing as though it had been print. It read as follows:

"I am Basta Irrawadma, late priest of the sacred Wat of Bhangallapore, Burmah. I am the man who stole the sacred ruby of the shine. Why I did it I do not know. Why I have kept it I cannot tell. They say I am crazy, perhaps I am. At all events, it is too late in the day to attempt to return the stone now. I am the man who was known as Jacob Dothan. I have money in the Bowery Bank. Money! What is money? Nothing. I don't care what becomes of mine. I forget that I had it, but it comes back to me now that my friend, Mrs. Sievens, shows me my bank book, although some one has cut my name off of it, also the name of the bank. Did I do this during the years of my forgetfulness? Perhaps. I neither know nor care. Let this be considered as my will. To Mrs. Sievens, who has been so kind to me, I give the ruby, if she can get it; also the money, if she can get it. If she should die, I give both to the good Doctor Smith. He is my countryman, and has also been good to me."

"I have been trying to remember where I put the ruby. It was in the old house where I carried on business as a junkman for so many years. I lived there alone. My room was on the top floor in front. It was there that I must have hidden the ruby, but I cannot remember. Perhaps the house has been pulled down by Reisling & Co., to whom I sold my business. I do not know. I will try to remember just where I hid the ruby. I think it must have been in that room, but I cannot tell. If it comes to me later I will add it to this."

"Basta Irrawadma, formerly known as
Jacob Dothan."

"And is this all we get after all our trouble!" exclaimed Alice. "How unsatisfactory."

"Unsatisfactory, indeed," replied Old King Brady. "Doctor, you are sure you have read it right?"

"Why, of course I am," replied the doctor. "It is no more trouble for me to read that than it is for you to read English."

"Well, well! It is a disappointment. I should have liked to have seen this business finished to-night, but there seems little chance of it now, so we may as well jump on Mother Ryan and Abe Cagney. If they have chloroformed that policeman as they intended, his case wants to be looked into, too."

"You'll do well if you catch her," said Alice. "She'll surely dodge into the other house through the secret door."

Alice was right. When they got in there was the policeman in a profound sleep, but no sign of either Mother Ryan nor Cagney. Old King Brady hunted for the secret panel, and found it. They passed into the rooms beyond, where they found evidence enough that Mother Ryan carried on business as a fence, but not the woman herself nor her pal. Realizing the uselessness of pursuing the search any further, Old King

Brady gave up. Meanwhile Dr. Smith had been working over the policeman, and at last succeeded in bringing him back to consciousness. But this did not help matters much, for the man had nothing to tell. Clearly Mother Ryan had carried out her threat and chloroformed him in his sleep. And now Old King Brady finally left the house.

"Do you know," said Alice, when they got down on Cherry street at last, "I wish we could go to that place to-night and have a look for the ruby. It may seem foolish to you, Mr. Brady, but the idea is strong upon me that it is just what we ought to do."

"It doesn't seem altogether foolish to me," replied Old King Brady. "It is not so late. Certainly we might go there and see what comes of it. At all events it can do no harm."

So they walked through to the Franklin Square elevated railroad station and took a Second avenue train, and then a surface car over to Avenue D. They walked on up Avenue D, and came at last to the yard of the firm of Reisling & Co. It covered considerable ground, and adjoining it, sure enough, was an old half ruinous brick house, only two stories high. The basement was used as an office by the Reisling firm. The front door had been nailed up, and the knob removed. There was everything to indicate that the upper part of the house was in a deserted condition. How to effect an entrance was a problem not easy to solve. To make sure that this was the right place, Old King Brady left Alice and Dr. Smith on the corner while he went into a lager beer saloon opposite. He was gone some little time, and when he returned it was to announce success.

"Yes," he said, "that is surely the place. The old fellow who keeps the saloon remembers Jacob Dothan well. I should say there can be no doubt that he is the same party you showed me dead there in that cellar, Alice."

"Of course he is," answered the doctor.

"We must attack by the rear," said Old King Brady. "The problem is first to get into the yard. Let us turn the corner and follow the fence. Perhaps there is another gate. I don't care to make the attempt right here on the avenue."

The house wrecking company's yard extended down the side street as much as a hundred feet, and almost at the end of the fence they came to a small gate. There were but few people on the street. So Alice and the doctor walked on for a considerable distance, and then turned. Old King Brady was standing by the gate, but in a minute he vanished.

"Look!" exclaimed the doctor. "He has done it. He has gone inside."

They reached the gate behind them, and they walked on among the piles of secondhand lumber and brick. At last Old King Brady decided that they must be going wrong, and he changed his direction. This brought them in sight of the house.

"Why, look!" breathed Alice. "A light in the upper window. Now it's gone!"

"What can it mean?" questioned the doctor.

"It means," replied Old King Brady, "that the window behind which we saw the light opens from the hall. Somebody has just gone upstairs."

"Shall we go in now?" demanded Alice.

"Yes, if I can get in. I want to know the truth. My shield will carry me through. Do you know what I am thinking of just now, doctor?"

"You ask me too much," responded the doctor. "Of the dead woman's husband, who unquestionably is responsible for her death."

"Ah! You think Mrs. Sievens may have told him about the ruby?"

"And why not? Is it not quite possible that Jake may have remembered where he did it, and have told, as he intimated he might do in writing on the torn page?"

"It certainly is."

They reached the house to find a back steps leading up to the door on the first floor. This was not nailed up, and Old King Brady, applying his skeleton keys, readily opened it. It seemed to him that he could hear a slight noise in the passage before he threw the door back. He was prepared for trouble, but not for what actually occurred. For as the door opened a flashlight was suddenly thrown upon them, and there stood Harry!

"Well!" he breathed, and then putting his finger to his lips for silence, he pointed up the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Tackled by Tom, Young King Brady could only respond and take his chances. He gave a sleepy grunt and rolled over.

"Why, who the mischief are you?" demanded the crook, catching sight of his face.

"What's dat?" snarled Harry. "Who in thunder are you? Why don't you let a fellow have his sleep?"

"Who am I? Why, I am de boss of dis joint!" retorted Tom. "Who let you in here? Was it Ike Mullins?"

"Sure," replied Harry.

"Oh, well, den dat's all right."

"Of course it's all right," he growled. "Now do I get me sleep too?"

"Keep awake a minute," said Tom, and he went over to the table and talked with Sievens in the lowest of whispers.

"Might be better for us to have a stranger," was all Harry caught.

Sievens must have assented, for when Tom turned back to the bunk he said:

"What's yer name?"

"Bob Flanders."

"Belong here in New York?"

"Over in Jersey."

"Was you going to woik wit Mullins?"

"Dat's de idea."

"Well, you can give us a lift to-night just the same, I s'pose?"

"What at?"

"Oh, we only want an outside man, that's all."

There was a little more said. The pair took another drink. It made Sievens talkative, but Tom was silent—almost surly. He led the way downstairs and out into a court. Now Harry found that he had been right in supposing it was a rear house. It was also located behind the secondhand machinery place. They went out by an alley, walked to Franklin Square, and boarded a train. They proceeded to Reisling's & Co.'s yard by the same route as Alice, Old King Brady and the doctor. Not a word was spoken to Harry

during the entire journey, but when they came in sight of the old house Sievens pointed to it and said:

"There you are, Bob. That's the crib we want to frisk. But say, Tom, I don't think he better watch here on the avenue. It will only attract attention. What's the matter with him standing guard in the lower hall?"

"I tink what you tink," replied Tom. "It's your job."

"It will be better. There isn't a chance in a thousand that we shall be disturbed anyhow. Now you two slide ahead till I get the door open."

So Harry strolled on with Tom, while Sievens slipped down into the basement and got in his fine work on Reisling & Co.'s door. He was all ready for them when they returned, and they entered the hall. If they had wanted to blow Riesling's & Co.'s safe there would have been another door to tackle; as it was, they went directly up to the floor above. Here Harry was posted, while the two crooks proceeded to ascend the stairs. It was but a minute before Old King Brady's key was inserted in the lock of the back door. The surprise was mutual.

"So you have found yourself, Alice?" Harry breathed.

"How are you, Dr. Smith?" he added.

Then it was:

"Now then, Governor, what's all this about?"

"It is up to you to explain, Harry. You are certainly the last person I expected to see here."

"My story will help," replied Harry. "As for your case, I suppose the doctor has been solving the secret of the torn page of that bank book."

"The torn page proves to be a very unsatisfactory page. Who is upstairs?"

"Name of Sievens. Husband of the dead woman. Pal named Tom. Last name unknown."

"Ruby hunting?"

"Ruby hunting is the word."

"Is this Sievens our man with the derby?"

"No one else. He gave his wife the knockout drops. I heard him admit it. He did not intend to kill her with his own hands, however. Abe Cagney and Tony the Greek were there to put the finishing touches to the job."

"But what do they know about the ruby?"

"Sievens claims to know all about it. Said his wife told him."

"We are certainly getting along," said the old detective. "Now the question arises whether we had best venture upstairs or shall we wait for that interesting pair to finish their work, and catch them as they come down."

"We better go up," said Alice. "We better take the ruby while it is going."

Old King Brady and Harry now crept noiselessly up the stairs. All doors stood open, and they could see into the front room from the rear room. Old King Brady and Harry remained in the hall, while Alice and the doctor, when they came, were posted in the back room. Tom was on his knees in a corner engaged in boring holes in the floor boards. This job finished, he took a small keyhole saw and began cutting between the holes.

"Cuts easy," remarked Sievens.

"It does so," replied Tom. "I can only hope that we have as good luck with the rest of the job."

"You still have no faith in it."

"Oh, I don't say that we hain't agoin' to find something, but I don't believe it's no ruby. It will turn out to be glass."

"Perhaps. A whole lot of trouble for nothing, in that case, but so it goes sometimes. Hurry up."

"I'm working as fast as I can. I'll be troo in a minute."

"Kick the board in. You can do it. You've sawed enough now."

Sievens suited his action to the word and kicked in the board himself. He then got down on his knees and flashed his light into the hole. It seemed a good time for the Bradys to jump on them, so the old detective sounded the signal.

"Hands up, boys! You are pinched!" he cried, stepping into the room with Harry, and at the same instant Dr. Smith and Alice entered by the other door.

Sievens was on his feet in an instant.

"Oh, bags! The Bradys! The jig is up!" he snarled.

Handcuffs were on in no time. Tom tried to strike at Harry when the bracelets were on, but a kick from Old King Brady brought him to his senses.

"Now how about this thing? Is the ruby there?" the old detective demanded of Sievens.

"I don't know. There is something there," growled the crook. "Look for yourself."

Harry did the looking, and fished out a tin box which had once contained mustard. Opening it, he came to tissue paper. Opening that he produced a huge red stone, which did a lot of glittering in the flashlight.

"The sacred ruby of Bhangallapore!" cried the doctor. "This is certainly great."

"Let me have a look," said Old King Brady, and putting on his glasses he examined the thing.

"Sorry to say, my dear sir, that if this is actually the sacred ruby of Bhangallapore, then the proper way to spells its name is g-l-a-s-s-!"

"Knewed it!" snarled Tom.

Old King Brady was not wrong. Tiffany's expert said the same next day. Whether old Jake Dothan disposed of the real ruby, and had the fake cut in its place, or whether the priests of the Burmese temple had been deceived for centuries was never known. The prisoners were rounded up at the station. Sievens went to Sing-Sing for life on Harry's testimony. There was no charge upon which Tom could be held, and he went free. Old King Brady decided not to disturb Mrs. Ryan. The woman was missing for weeks, but at last she reappeared in her old haunts. It was the same with Abe Cagney. Old King Brady could have got the man at any time, but it did not seem to him worth while. Dr. Smith paid Mrs. Sievens' funeral expenses and those of old Jake, and after a long fight the Bowery Bank paid him the money left by Jacob Dothan in his singular will. That was the time the detectives were rewarded for all their trouble. A thousand dollars was what came their way from the case of "The Bradys' Bank Book Mystery."

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS AND THE GOLDEN COMET; or, THE CASE OF THE CHINESE PRINCE."

CURRENT NEWS

MILWAUKEE HAS MORE AUTOS THAN BELGIUM

Milwaukee, Wis., has 31,500 motor cars, or more than the number registered in Belgium. Milwaukee has 7,900 trucks, as compared with 6,000 in Belgium. In fact, there are many American cities which have a motor vehicle registration larger than a number of foreign countries.

CANARY ISLANDS BUYING AUTOMOBILES

More than 60 per cent. of the cars purchased in the Canary Islands during 1922 were American products. The percentage was larger than in the previous year. Public motor buses are numerous. The market is small and most cars purchased are of five and seven passenger type, suitable for rental when not in their owners' use.

HOW MOLES LIVE

The American Museum of Natural History offered a prize of \$25 for a nest which would show how the mole lives, and several were forthcoming. Dr. F. A. Lucas, Director of the Museum, said accurate information hitherto not available to scientists, had been secured. "This is the first authentic information about a mole's nesting habits that I know of," he said, "and as far as I know the groups which we can make out of our specimens will be the first in any American museum. I had been unable to find any one who knew anything about the family life of a mole until I received the accurate information of the finders of the nests we now have." Dr. Lucas plans to use the newspapers in further hunts for unusual specimens of animal life. He said that for three years he had been trying to get hold of a family of young raccoons under a month old. In spite of a reward of \$100 for such a family he has never been able to get one.

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THE BIGGEST TEN CENTS' WORTH ON EARTH!

One Boy Against Many

— OR —

RIGHTING A WRONG

By TOM FOX

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XV.—(continued)

"Yes, have them all the time. They break out on me just like measles." Charlie laughed gaily, and Elisha joined in the laugh because he knew it meant nothing. The boy was like a butterfly, sipping pleasure wherever he found it. He knew nothing of the hard working life of a bee; he had been allowed the same freedom that a butterfly enjoys.

"Have you an income outside of the salary your uncle gives you?" Elisha asked gravely. As the boy flushed under his question, he hastened to add: "Please don't think me impudent. I have a good reason for asking."

"No, I haven't," Charlie answered soberly.

"What would you do if your uncle should suddenly die?" Elisha prodded. "Do you think you could get another job like this one you're holding?"

"No, but I think uncle would leave me enough money to see me through the rest of my life!" Charlie answered lightly. "I am his favorite sister's son."

"I know the contents of your uncle's will. I don't think he intends to keep it a secret."

"You do?" Charlie cried excitedly. "Then you can see why I don't have to worry about my future."

"That's just the reason I wonder what you will do."

"You mean——" Charlie stopped with a frightened look.

"I mean that you are put down in the will for just five thousand dollars."

Charlie appeared stunned. Finally he asked in a dazed manner: "Which one of the boys gets the bulk of uncle's fortune?"

"Not one of them. You all share alike. Five thousand apiece. The bulk goes to the young man who will make good in your uncle's eyes. I believe he has tried out all of his nephews."

"Then you will——" Charlie suddenly shut his lips together firmly and left the room abruptly.

Elisha sighed. He feared that he had only made Charlie his enemy, when he wanted to help him, for the unfinished sentence meant that the boy believed Elisha would get Mr. Green's money. He had warned the boy and opened his eyes, for he felt they had been shut long enough. He didn't know what Mr. Green would say when he learned that he had let the boys know where they stood in his will. It would be common knowledge in another five minutes, for Charlie would soon tell the other boys what he had just learned.

The next day Elisha had some work he wanted

to finish, so that it was later than usual when he was ready to leave. He had heard Ned come into the next room shortly after lunch, and had heard him talking excitedly with the boys. He was anxious to see him and hear his report about his entertaining Mr. Green's Western friend. To his surprise he found the outer office empty. Ned had not waited for him.

Elisha feared that Charlie had prejudiced Ned against him. When he reached the gymnasium and found that Ned was not there, he was sure.

The next morning no one greeted him at the office, not even Ned. But one thing surprised him; the boys were all there, seemingly busy at their desks. Elisha bade them a general good-morning and passed on to his room. At noon-time he asked Ned to go to lunch with him, saying that he wanted to talk with him.

Ned flushed and stammered, then rose hesitatingly to his feet.

"Remember your oath," Ed cried excitedly. "If you break it, so will I. Then where will we all be, and where will this scoundrel be? He'll be lording it with uncle's money, while we'll be in the poor-house!"

Ned hung his head as though he was ashamed of his action, but he resumed his seat, without a word to Elisha, and continued with his work.

Elisha left the place in a daze. It was plain that the boys meant to ostracize him. They had made some formal oath concerning him. They were blaming him for their uncle's will, instead of putting the blame where it belonged. That was his reward for trying to help them. Elisha's smile was a bit cynical.

The boycott continued for several days following. Elisha continued to go through the boys' room, though he disliked doing so. It was one of the odd requests Mr. Green had asked of him, that he should leave his room through theirs, and he felt he must keep his promise.

Another week of aloofness between Elisha and the boys went by. Then another one, and Lizzie, the stenographer, returned from her vacation. Mr. Green had not visited his New York City office since his hurried trip, when his friend from the West was expected. He had been sending a large amount of work to the New York branch for Elisha to look after. He had also sent a long letter in which he congratulated Elisha in getting the boys to work at last—saying that he had received quite an intelligent letter from Charlie showing that he was getting quite a knowledge of the business.

Elisha wrote back immediately that he had no influence with the boys, that, in fact, they disliked him.

Lizzie worked in Elisha's office, and she had been back a couple of weeks when one morning she rushed excitedly into the room where Elisha was busily opening the morning mail.

"Were you here last night?" she asked eagerly.

"No; why?"

"Some one was," Lizzie said positively. "I won't tell you what I suspicion; I don't want to get the boys down on me, for I'm going to be married and leave here in another two weeks. But you visit this place to-night."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

A "MONKEY MOUNTAIN"

The Park Commissioners of Milwaukee, realizing that monkeys entertain and hold the attention of visitors to the Zoological Garden longer than any other exhibit, erected an oval-shaped mound, suggestive of a mountain, 127 feet long and 82 feet wide, where the primates may be viewed under as nearly natural conditions as possible. On the south side of the mound a concrete cave was made with an alcove facing south. This gives a large open space, protected from the north, west and east winds in the early spring and late fall. At one end of the mound are a series of rock shelves about four feet wide, upon which the monkeys disport themselves and where they also receive their food. From the highest point on the mound a rivulet flows, winding its way westward over rocky precipices to a moat below, where it terminates in a fairly extensive sand beach on which the monkeys can bask in the sun. The entire surface of the mound, with the exception of the sand beach, is sodded. The moat surrounding the mound is 30 feet wide; on its outer side a wall has been so constructed as to prevent the escape of the monkeys should any attempt to swim across the moat. The place is so arranged that it is possible for 4,000 visitors at one time to enjoy the interesting antics of the monkeys under natural surroundings.

MECCA A MODERN CITY

Mecca, the so-called Forbidden City of the Mohammedans on the distant borders of the Red Sea, has all the aspects of a modern American or British settlement, says Lord Headley, the British Moslem peer, who was the first Englishman permitted to enter undisguised the sacred precincts of the Arabic holy of holies.

Describing his stay in the kingdom of the Hedjaz as the guest of King Hussein, Lord Headley, who is now in London, said Mecca has telephones, telegraphs, motorcars, airplanes and wireless equipment just like any modern town of the Western World. It even has newspapers which print all the latest news from the United States.

Lord Headley asserted that much of the secrecy about Mecca was legendary, as the city is open to all who profess Mohammedan beliefs. He referred to the enterprise of an American lecturer who obtained excellent motion picture films depicting the entire life of the city.

When he was in Mecca, Lord Headley continued, there were 70,000 pilgrims en route to the city over the sandy road from Jeddah on the Red Sea. The way is marked by the bleached bones of the dead camels that had succumbed to the terrible heat. One of the great camps provided along the route for the comfort of pious travelers was in charge of an Irish woman, who has looked after more than 30,000 weary and hungry pilgrims from many lands.

REMARKABLE CHURCH GROWTH

Church statistics show that the American churches made the greatest gains in history during the last year. The total membership in-

creased to 47,461,558 persons, or nearly 50 per cent. of the population. The gain during the year was 1,220,428, which is 50 per cent. increase over the annual average growth of the preceding five years. The total religious constituency of the country is placed at 98,878,376 persons, with the Protestants numbering 78,113,481; Roman Catholics, 18,104,804; Jews, 1,500,000; Mormons, 604,082, and Greek Catholics, 456,054. The churches were active in every way, raising the sum of \$16,628,894 more than last year. The Roman Catholic Church showed the greatest increase of 219,158, with the Methodist Church a second, 122,975, and the Southern Baptist 97,116. The Methodist Churches have the largest constituency in the country, 23,253,854, with the Baptists pretty close after them, with a constituency of 22,869,098. The Roman Catholics come third, Lutherans fourth and the Presbyterian fifth. The Greek Catholics showed a 10 per cent. increase and developed that the Greek Catholics are more effectively organized than other churches. The Methodists turned a loss during the preceding five years into an increase of 8,000 members. The Disciples of Christ and Congregational churches showed slighter gains, while the Episcopal doubled their increase of the preceding year, making a gain of 36,018. The Jewish authorities estimate the population of their people in the United States at more than 3,300,000.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A NEW ANTENNA CABLE

A new antenna cable recently developed has shown that by its use the audibility of signals can be increased by nearly 40 per cent. The conductor is composed of ten strands of No. 18 bare copper wire braided closely together on a special machine to give it a ribbon-like appearance, one-half inch wide by one-eighth inch thick. With an antenna 30 feet long of this type, strung in a basement at a level about one foot below the surface of the earth, better results were obtained than with an antenna of the usual type, of 100 feet length, strung between two poles out of doors at an elevation of about 40 feet.

BROADCASTERS' CORRESPONDENCE

Since the inauguration of broadcasting by WGY some sixteen months ago, the General Electric Company has received 65,000 letters from listeners scattered over the United States and from points as widely apart as Hilo, Hawaii, and London, England; Vancouver, Canada and Valparaiso, Chile. Some of the letters are typewritten and from the offices of business and professional men and some are penciled on scraps of paper from woodsmen and from forest rangers. These letters are useful to the program director, for he learns from them what type of program appeals to the majority of listeners and the letters strongly influence his decisions in building up future programs.

RADIO IN NATION'S DEFENSE

Radio and its efficient handling has become one of the vital factors in the defense scheme of the nations. Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt said at the opening in Washington of a new broadcasting station constructed by the Radio Corporation of America.

Mr. Roosevelt expressed the conviction that communication in time of emergency is dependent on radio and added that the United States fleet, however efficient and powerful its units might be, could not operate successfully without control of the ether.

He pictured the radio system of the country, the powerful Government stations and the private stations which would be manned by navy personnel in time of war, as the very nerve center of the fleet without which it might meet disaster.

The development of radio communication in America, both as a commercial and as a Government enterprise, owes more to the navy than to any other agency, the secretary said.

THE WIRELESS YEAR BOOK

The 1923 edition of "The Year Book of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," published every year by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, is bulkier than ever. This may be ascribed to the advent of broadcasting which has caused an interest in radio matters to be generated in many new places. Though there has been no marked progress in scientific development during the year that most useful feature, the "Re-

cord of Development," still makes interest and informative reading, and the value of this is much enhanced by Mr. Platt's "Historical Survey." On the other hand, large power wireless stations are being constructed in every part of the world and in many ways wireless or radio is becoming more and more a part of our daily life. All this is reflected in the Year Book by an enlargement of the existing features and by the publication of fresh matters relating to direction finding. A map section shows the location of every wireless station in the world.

PROPOSED BROADCASTING IN INDIA

According to recent dispatches, it was announced at the broadcasting conference held in Delhi that the Indian government did not intend to permit broadcasting in India by individual firms, but, under reasonable control—as is the United Kingdom—by a single licensed company for the whole of India. It is planned that this company shall consist both of British and Indian firms and that no non-British subjects will be allowed to take part in it. The proposal of the government regarding terms of the agreement required of the broadcasting company were embodied in a draft form of license before the conference. Opinions upon this form will be obtained from the Provisional government and chambers of Commerce. It is understood that the manufacture of receiving sets is to be undertaken in India as soon as practicable by the new broadcasting company. This will probably at first consist of importation of some parts, the local manufacture of others, and assembling of complete sets.

MOTOR IGNITION AND AIRCRAFT RECEIVING SETS

From a recent issue of *Elektrotechnische Zeitschrift* we learn something regarding the interference caused by the usual ignition system of an aircraft engine with the reception of radio signals aboard such aircraft. This interference is especially marked when several stages of amplification are employed, and is most troublesome at short wave-lengths. The German author states that a complete metallic shielding of the engine, including all high-voltage and low-voltage connections, gives in most cases a satisfactory solution, although such practice complicates the engines and makes them less accessible. A new system is mentioned, by means of which the amount of emitted electromagnetic energy is completely compensated, resulting in what is claimed to be absolute relief in all cases. However, details of this new system are being kept secret for the present.

STOPPING AUTOS BY RADIO

Wireless waves coming from an unknown station have been used to halt a large fleet of automobiles in Germany. All of the cars were equipped with magnetos and started out together. The run was made at night and reached far out

into the country. After traveling for some time a short halt was made at a little village. Starting again, the line of machines suddenly came to a dead stop. Every driver believed something was wrong with his car and stuck out his hand as a signal to those in the rear. It soon became known that all of the automobiles in the line had stopped as though by magic and could not be started. This strange accident proved to be a test which was being made from a big radio station whose location was kept secret. At an appointed time it had sent out the special waves that were caused by powerful apparatus of new invention. These waves interfered with the magneto, which stopped the cars. The mysterious test will also be applied to airplanes, electric trains, and even submarine boats.

THE UV-199 TUBE

The UV-199 tube is an extraordinary tube. It appears that the filament requires but .18 watt, or approximately 1-27th of the energy used in the usual UV-201 tube. Yet the characteristics of the new tube are slightly better. The filament of this tube runs at a temperature about 400 degrees cooler than the old type of tube. It is interesting to note that 14 different chemical elements are utilized in this tube besides traces of several others. The filament wire is extremely small, being but one-fourth of the diameter of an ordinary hair; yet the fact is that this wire has the strength of the best steel piano wire. The filament is not a coated one, but it has the high efficiency of electron production of the coated filament and the uniformity of operation and the ruggedness of the tungsten filament. If the filament is operated at too high a temperature the electronic mission falls off and the tube becomes inoperative. However, by operation at rated voltage with the plate voltage off for a period of time normal electronic emission can be regained. Thus improper filament operation does not spoil the tube beyond recovery. Three cells of dry battery, even the small flash-lamp type, furnish the necessary current for the filament.

MARCONI'S RECENT WORK

In a statement issued to the press on his arrival at Southampton on board his yacht "Electra" recently, Senator Marconi said that during the two months he had been away on his research cruise he had been working all the time on the system of directing wireless telegraphy, by which a message could be sent in one direction only and he was delighted to say that experiments had proved highly satisfactory. The apparatus with which he had been working was the only installation of its type, but it was likely to come into universal use in the future. The results he had obtained proved that communication could be maintained over long distances. The new system, said the Senator, effectively eliminated atmospheric disturbances, and he might say that he had experienced no trouble of that sort during the whole of his two months' research. The course of the trip was roughly 2,200 miles, or the distance from England to Canada.

ANTENNA AND LEAD-IN RULES

There is no danger whatever from lightning damage if your receiving outfit is installed according to the rules established recently, a copy of which may be had free upon request from the National Board of Fire Underwriters, No. 76 William street, New York City.

There is no danger of fire in connection with a radio receiving set, when properly installed. The tentative rules and regulations recently proposed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and the National Fire Protection Association have carefully provided against injury from dangers and are essentially as follows:

"The antenna, if installed outside of the building, should be constructed of not less than No. 14 copper wire or No. 17 copper-clad steel wire properly insulated at both ends, and free from all electric light, power, trolley or feeder wires. It should not cross over or under any wire carrying 600 volts of electric current or any trolley or feeder service.

"Care should be taken to avoid making connections to any poles carrying light or power construction. Sufficient consideration should be given for sagging and swinging on account of weather conditions. All splicing of antenna wire is inadvisable. If splicing is necessary on account of breakage the ends should be properly twisted and satisfactorily soldered.

"Lead-in wires should be of the same size as the wire of the antenna, carefully insulated from the building to avoid possibility of ground.

"A protective device: A lightning arrester, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, which will operate at a potential of 600 volts, is required, supplied with a proper ground of at least equal sized wire attached to a water pipe or connecting device buried in permanent moisture. The wire should be attached by an approved clamp, as the permanency of the soldered attachment is questionable. This lightning arrester should, if possible, be installed on the outside of the building and near the point where the wire to the radio receiver enters the same.

"The ground wire from the lightning arrester should be carried as nearly in a straight line to the ground by water pipes used as possible. During a lightning storm an arc is frequently apparent in the lightning arrester, showing that its location should be away from the possibility of gas, coal deposits, curtains or other combustible material. Proper groundings may be secured by attachment to the steel frames of large buildings or other grounded metallic work. The rules do not provide for the installation of fuses or switches. If these are installed they should be located on the line between the lightning arrester and the radio receiver.

"Inside Wiring—The wires inside of the house connecting to the instruments may be of smaller size, ordinary insulated wire. The house wires should be firmly fastened to avoid mechanical injury and to keep them from coming in contact with light or power wires and insulated by porcelain tubes or flexible tubing where they pass within two inches or less from electric light circuits.

SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

A LUDICROUS PANIC

A ludicrous panic happened in Paris. A vast proportion of us are liable to hysterics from fear of diseases. It is the old story about the demon coming to the Sultan and announcing that he proposed to take off 10,000 of the Sultan's people by an epidemic. After this was over the Sultan said to the demon: "You said you would only take 10,000. There were 40,000." The demon answered: "True, Your Highness, I took only 10,000. The other 30,000 died from fear." In Paris a bacteriological chemist went insane and threw bottles containing various microbes out of the window. Everybody in the neighborhood fled in terror, and this terror was spread far and wide, until the Pasteur experts managed to quiet them by saying that there was absolutely no danger in the microbes, especially where a ray of sunlight could strike and instantly destroy them.

FORD ORDERS BIG SHIPS

Steamships to carry ore on the Great Lakes next season have been ordered by the Ford Motor Company. The company has accepted bids of the American Shipbuilding Company and the Great Lakes Engineering Works for vessels of the six hundred foot class.

The vessels, which will be 611 feet over all, 500 feet keel, 62 feet beam and 32 feet deep, are the first bulk freighters ordered for the 1924 delivery. The Ford Motor Company will install the engines, which will be of the direct Diesel type with twin screws.

The vessels will be built by the Great Lakes Engineering Works and will be turned out at the Ecorse yards. Others probably will be built at Lorain or Cleveland. The boats will be operated in the ore trade between Lake Superior ports and the River Rouge. Bids for the big freighters were asked for about six weeks ago. Something more than 10,000 tones of material will be used in their construction.

GEOLOGICAL PARTY LOST IN CANYON

No word has been received from the United States geological survey party which started down

the Grand Canyon several weeks ago since they left Supai three weeks ago to negotiate the most dangerous part of their journey, consisting of 100 miles of canyon and gorges to a point on the river at Diamond Creek, where they had planned to receive additional supplies.

This in itself is not alarming, as they did not expect to reach Diamond Creek until the latter part of the month, but apprehension was caused by the fact that the river rose twenty-nine feet in four days recently and they had no means of receiving the warning of the rise and also that a boat came floating down the river bottom side up.

This apprehension was relieved somewhat, however, by the news that United States Government boats similar to the ones they are using and to the one sighted at Ketherine Thursday got away at Grand Canyon Wednesday.

Sheriff W. P. Mahoney of Mohave County and deputies familiar with the rugged country east of Diamond Creek, went to Beach Springs the nearest railroad point, to confer with Roger W. Birdseye of the United States Government Survey and a cousin of the man in charge of the party as to whether a searching party should be organized to make their way on foot up the river from Diamond Creek to see if they could locate the lost surveying party.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "SECRET SERVICE—Old and Young King Brady, Detectives," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923. State of New York, County of New York: — Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "SECRET SERVICE—Old and Young King Brady, Detectives," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

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LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1923: Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1924.)

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LIFE HISTORY OF THE EEL

Until recent years the early life of European and American eels was a mystery.

It was known that at different periods of their existence they migrated to or from the sea, sometimes crossing considerable stretches of dry land in their journey, and for 20 years it has been known that they pass the earlier stages of life in the depths of tropical waters.

After long and patient investigations a Danish authority found conclusively that their breeding place was in the neighborhood of Bermuda and the West Indian Islands.

The breeding grounds of the American and the European eels, which are two distinct species, are contiguous, and indeed overlap, though the American eel ranges somewhat farther north in its deep sea home than its European cousin.

The American eel completes the larval stage in about one year, when it must migrate to fresh water. The European eel requires three full years to finish its larval development, and during this period makes its way slowly across the whole breadth of the Atlantic to the coastal waters of the farther continent.

No other fish or animal in the larval stage makes such an enormous journey. Like the salmon, the eel passes successive stages of its life in salt and fresh water, spending its maturity in lakes and rivers accessible from the sea or in brackish water along the shore.

This sojourn ranges from 5 to 20 years, after which the eel returns to the deep sea regions of its birth to produce its young.

SOMETHING ABOUT FRIDAY

Here are some events that show Friday up in a very good light. The French call Friday "Vendredi" day—Venus day. Friday is Friga's day—Friga being the northern Venus. Gladstone, Disraeli and Bismarck were born on a Friday. Scandinavians esteem Friday as the luckiest day in the week. Our ancestors believed that eggs laid on Friday would cure colic. "Friday face" still lingers as a term of reproach for a sour-faced person. Friday is America's lucky day. Columbus discovered land on that day; the Pilgrims landed on that day and Washington was born on Friday. The printing of the first newspaper by steam was carried out on a Friday. The unluckiness of Friday owes its origin to Christ's death on Good Friday. Good Friday, really "God's Friday," is in some parts of Europe called Black Friday." Friday marriages are for losses, and superstitious couples who are getting married avoid that day. Shipping returns of all countries show a much lower sailing rate on that day of the week than any other day. The Talmud, the book containing the civil laws of the ancient Jews, says that Adam was created on a Friday, sinned on a Friday and was thrust out of Eden on a Friday. But for America Friday was the lucky day. Columbus not only sighted land on Friday, but he also sailed on that day. He sailed on his second voyage on Friday and reached Palos on that day of the week. On a Friday he

discovered Continental America. John Cabot received his commission on a Friday. On that day Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, Nov. 20, the Mayflower anchored in the harbor at Providence-town and on the same day of the week the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. The Battle of the surrender of Yorktown occurred on that day. On Friday, July 7, 1776, John Adams made the motion that "the United States are and ought to be free and independent." The Great Eastern sailed with the Atlantic cable on Friday, July 13, 1866, and landed safely at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on Friday, July 27, of the same year.

A STRANGE WATER BIRD

A bird which learns to swim as soon as it learns to fly is the guillimot, which is related to the auk family inhabiting the tropics. Its eggs are long, very broad at one end and narrow at the other, so that it cannot roll any great distance, but moves around in a circle. This is a wise dispensation on the part of Providence, for the guillimot is very careless as to where or how she lays her eggs; any ledge or flat rock above the sea level seems to suit her. As soon as the baby guillimots have reached the age where they can walk about on the ledge with safety they are taught to fly, dive and swim in one operation. The mother bird takes the fledglings out, one by one, on her back, and having reached a point outside of the breakers, she comes to a sudden, jarring stop, and giving her body a quick jerk sideways, at the same time tossing the baby from its perch, sending it spinning over and over down to the sea, into which it dives as easily and as naturally as its parent. The first flight of the guillimot is one of much anxiety to the parent bird, for gulls are on the lookout at this time of the year and are usually waiting at the tumbling-off place. The mother bird is well aware of the danger, and as soon as she has tossed the little bird from her back she folds her wings and drops to the sea beside her offspring.

From the day of the launching of the baby bird its life is practically spent on the sea, coming to land only during the nesting season or when driven in by the violence of the gales.

One of the most interesting species of birds that live in the sea are the stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called by the sailors. They are the tiniest of all web-footed birds, being no bigger than swallows. The name Petrel is another form of the name Peter, and the bird gets its name because it appears to walk on the water, as Peter, the Apostle, was permitted to do. No matter how rough the sea or boisterous the gale, the little bird may be seen far out at sea, lightly skimming on the waters. It moves its wings only just enough to keep its body in the air, and thus skimming the top of the water it keeps its eyes on the lookout for small fishes that may be tossed to the top of the sea by the action of the waves.

HERE AND THERE

STARS ARE BORN BY COLLISION OF DEAD SUNS

Every now and again astronomers, watching the skies through their telescopes, are interested by the appearance in the heavens of a new star. This means that a new sun has been born somewhere in the immensity of space, for these seemingly tiny objects that we call stars are in reality suns, some of them vastly bigger than our sun, but so far away that they appear to us mere twinkling points of light.

Just why or how a new sun comes into existence we do not know. The most generally accepted explanation, however, is that their arrival is due to a collision between two dead, burnt-out suns, many millions of which are believed to be careening about in space. What astronomers call a dead sun is a crust filled with compressed hydrogen in a half-solid state. A collision will cause the whole mass to burst into flames, but the very violence of the explosive fire causes the star's death.

Sooner or later, as it rushes through space, it will break up like a falling balloon, and that will be the end of it as a star of the first magnitude, although its remains—a sort of hot cinder—may continue to exist as a small star. This is believed to be what happened to Aquilla, one of the last new stars to be discovered. It blazed up between the 7th and 9th of June, 1918, with vast uprushes of incandescent hydrogen gas, at a speed of about 3,000 miles a second. It remained a conspicuous object in the heavens for over a year, then faded away until it became visible only by the aid of the most powerful telescopes.

GRAND CANYON TO BE SURVEYED

The problem of developing the waters of the Colorado River for irrigation and power and to lessen danger from floods in Imperial Valley is arousing great general interest. The first thing needed in connection with any such development is a survey, but a 300-mile stretch of this 1,500-mile river, including the ruggedest part of the Grand Canyon, has not yet been surveyed in any detail. The surveying and mapping of this stretch which includes the dangerous gorges of the Marble and Grand Canyons, was started on Aug. 1, as was announced at the Department of the Interior. This part of the river's course, which is crowded with bad rapids that swirl between steep rock banks, has been traversed on only six previous occasions. It was first explored in 1880 by Maj. John W. Powell, later Director of the Geological Survey. The present party of engineers and geologists of the Geological Survey will make a trip by boat from Lees Ferry through the canyons to the mouth of the Virgin River, in Arizona, a distance of about 300 miles, and will make records of the slope of this entire stretch of the river and of the topography.

The Colorado, one of the great rivers of the country, is often called the Nile of America. It drains nearly 250,000 square miles, an area equal to that of the Atlantic Coast States from Maine to Georgia. The highest points in its basin are

the peaks of the Continental Divide, which stand more than 14,000 feet above sea level, and a part of its water finds its way into Salton Sea, in Southern California, which lies more than 250 feet below sea level.

RACES OF ANCIENT INDIAN TRIBES DUG UP IN SOUTHWEST

Excavations of interest and importance to the world are being made at the Hawikuh prehistoric village site, about 50 miles from Gallup, N. M., by members of the Heye Foundation Museum of the American Indian, of New York, according to Capt. Thomas A. Joyce, archeologist and vice president of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, who made Los Angeles his headquarters preparatory to visiting excavation work at Santa Barbara and Santa Catalina Island, Cal. Captain Joyce passed considerable time at the New Mexico excavations.

"The work now going on there, the results of which never before have been published, will undoubtedly throw a new light on our information relative to the people who inhabited America prior to its discovery by Columbus.

"Although the work of excavating the prehistoric ruins has just started we have established without doubt that both Hawikuh and Kechipauan are two of the seven settlements known as 'The Seven Cities of Gilboa,' seen by Vasquez de Coronado.

"Presence of iron on some of the top layers of the excavation signifies that the villages were ancient before the Spanish conquest. Other conclusive proof found is the gradual development of pottery uncovered. In the lower levels the pottery is plain and it graduates into some very excellent examples as higher levels are reached.

"The excavations reveal that a succession of tribes inhabited this region in prehistoric days. They also show the gradual development of the human beings who lived there from the age of the crude stone implements up to the more advanced periods. Evidence also has been found tending to show that sometimes a considerable period elapsed between the passing of one tribe and the coming of the next.

"Articles unearthed bear a striking resemblance to the primitive utensils and other objects still in use by the Zuni Indians, on whose reservation Wawikuh and Kechipauan are situated.

"On the top layers we uncovered evidence of the natives' association with white men. These whites evidently erected a church and a monastery."

Captain Joyce was accompanied on a visit to the workings near Gallup by Mr. Heye and L. G. C. Clarke, curator of the Museum of Ethnology of Cambridge, England. The party is making a tour of the Southwest, inspecting museums and places where excavations are in progress.

The excavations being carried on at Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina Island and other parts of California, are yielding a vast amount of data relative to the American aboriginals, according to Mr. Heye, who says California is providing a rich field for the archeologist.

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GET HEBRIDES ISLAND

The gift of an island to its inhabitants is rather unusual, but such a gift has just been made of a large part of the island of Lewis, one of the outer Hebrides, by Lord Leverhulme, the soap maker.

Lord Leverhulme purchased the island some time ago, planning to organize fisheries and other industries there. The project failed chiefly because the islanders objected to becoming employees of a company. They preferred to fish and run their small farms as their own masters.

The most valuable feature of the island is the famous Stornoway Castle and its supporting estate. The islanders, who number about 4,000, have been rather undecided about accepting Lord Leverhulme's present, some fearing the Castle would become a white elephant on their hands. It was even talked of asking the lord to submit to them a report of his revenues from and expenditures on the property in the last few years.

Now, however, the Stornoway Town Council has voted to accept the Castle, and doubtless the whole gift will be ratified by the island government.

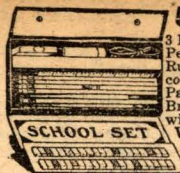
BIRDS HAVE OWN HEAVEN

Bird heaven!
It is in Louisiana, in Vermilion and Iberia parishes. A section of land 12 miles long and two miles wide has been staked off for birds. They pay no rent.

Edward Avery McIlhenny, a noted conservationist, of Avery Islands, La., has just purchased 135,000 acres of land, 10,000 acres of which is to constitute a public shooting ground under State control. The remainder is to be dedicated to the conservation of bird life.

This is Mr. McIlhenny's second great contribution to game life in Southern Louisiana. Twenty years ago he set aside a tract of land to become a "bird city" for snowy herons. He stocked it with eight birds. Today there are something over 100,000 snowy herons in Louisiana.

The "bird heaven" is the largest piece of land devoted to that purpose by a private individual in the country. It is more widely known among the birds than among humans. The north and south flights are nearly always via southern Louisiana, and thousands of birds stop off to visit or to make their homes there.



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